THE

BRITISH POETS.

VOL. XXXI.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

THE

BRITISH POETS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS

OF

DR JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF SAINT PATRICK's,
DUBLIN.

VOLUME I.

EDINBURGH:

Printed for J. BALFOUR and W. CREECH.

M, DCC, LXXIII.

BRITISH
MUSEUM

THE

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

N. B. Whatever verſes are marked with an aſteriſk * prefixed, are thought not to be Dr Swift's.

	Page
CADENUS and VANESSA	3
Baucis and Philemon	32
A deſcription of a city-ſhower	39
A deſcription of the morning	42
Horace, epiſtle 7. book 1. imitated	44
Horace, lib. 2. ſat. 6. part of it imitated	49
Verſes written in a lady's ivory table-book	53
Mrs Harris's petition to their Excellencies the Lords Juſtices of Ireland	55
A ballad to the tune of Cutpurſe	61
Vanbrugh's houſe, built from the ruins of Whitehall	63
The hiſtory of Vanbrugh's houſe	68
The virtues of Sid Hamet the magician's rod	70
The deſcription of a ſalamander	74

	Page
* Verſes to be prefixed before Bernard Lintot's new miſcellany	77
Sandys's ghoſt	78
* Umbra	83
Duke upon Duke. An excellent new ballad	84
On Mrs Biddy Floyd	90
Apollo outwitted	91
Stella's birth-day, 1718	94
Stella's birth-day, 1720	95
Stella's birth-day, 1722	97
Stella's birth-day, 1724	100
Stella's birth-day, 1726	102
* Ballad	105
* Ode, for muſic. On the longitude	108
* Epigram on the feuds about Handel and Bononcini	109
* A new ſong of new ſimilies	ib
* Newgate's garland	113
Phyllis; or, The progreſs of love	116
Pethox the Great	120
To Stella	124
* Stella to Dr Swift, on his birth-day, November 30. 1721	129
The journal of a modern lady	131
The country-life	142
Mary the cook-maid's letter to Dr Sheridan	147
Dr Swift to Mr Pope	151
To Dr Delany	152
On dreams	158
To Stella, viſiting me in my ſickneſs	160
Verſes on the death of Dr Swift	165

Page

To the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded in Spain. 183
The fable of Midas 185
The author upon himſelf 188
In ſickneſs 191
An elegy on the death of Mr Demar 193
The deſcription of an Iriſh feaſt 195
Stella at Woodpark 199
A quibbling elegy on Judge Boat 201
A receipt to reſtore Stella's youth 205
Whitſhed's motto on his coach 207

Page

To the Earl of Peterborow, who commanded in Spain. 102
The bride of Abydos 105
The author upon himself 108
In Memoria 109
Apology on the death of Mr Dacre 113
The description of an Irish feast 115
Stella at Woodpark 117
A quibbling elegy on Judge Boat 120
A receipt to restore Stella's youth 123
Whitshed's motto on his coach 127

MISCELLANIES.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Written Anno 1713.

THE ſhepherds and the nymphs were ſeen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The counſel for the fair began,
Accuſing the falſe creature *man*.
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
That Cupid now has loſt his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer ſmokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:
This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love is dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforeſaid (*with her leave*)
Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
Againſt our ſov'reign lady's peace,
Againſt the ſtatute in that caſe,

Againſt her dignity and crown:
Then pray'd an anſwer, and ſat down.
The *nymphs* with ſcorn beheld their foes:
When the *defendant's* counſel roſe,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentleſt heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other ſex.
That modern love is no ſuch thing,
As what thoſe antient poets ſing;
A fire celeſtial, chaſte, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both becomes the ſame,
In different breaſts together burn,
Together both to aſhes turn.
But women now feel no ſuch fire,
And only know the groſs deſire.
Their paſſions move in lower ſpheres,
Where'er caprice or folly ſteers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or ſome worſe brute in human ſhape,
Ingroſs the fancies of the fair,
The few ſoft moments they can ſpare,
From viſits to receive and pay;
From ſcandal, politics, and play;
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and park-parades,
From all the thouſand female toys,
From ev'ry trifle that employs
The out or inſide of their heads,
Between their toilets and their beds.

In a dull ſtream, which moving ſlow,
You hardly ſee the current flow;
If a ſmall breeze obſtructs the courſe,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and ſtraws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
Thus whirling round together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and ſtraws.
Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of ſenſe to blame,
For breaſts incapable of flame:
The fault muſt on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown ſo corrupted in their taſte.

The pleader, having ſpoke his beſt,
Had witneſs ready to atteſt,
Who fairly could on oath depoſe,
When queſtions on the fact aroſe,
That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further thoſe deponents knew;——
Therefore he humbly would inſiſt,
The bill might be with coſts diſmiſs'd.

The cauſe appear'd of ſo much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-ſeat,
Deſired them not to talk ſo loud,
Elſe ſhe muſt interpoſe a cloud:
For if the heav'nly folk ſhould know
Theſe pleadings *in the courts below*,
That mortals here diſdain to love,
She ne'er could ſhew her face above;

For gods, their betters, are too wiſe
To value that which men deſpiſe.
And then, ſaid ſhe, my ſon and I
Muſt ſtroll in air, 'twixt earth and ſky;
Or elſe, ſhut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the ſea, my place of birth;
There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
And keep on fiſh perpetual lent.
But, ſince the caſe appear'd ſo nice,
She thought it beſt to take advice.
The *Muſes*, by their king's permiſſion,
Though foes to love, attend the ſeſſion.
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
To whom ſhe might her doubts propoſe
On all emergencies that roſe,
The *Muſes* oft were ſeen to frown;
The *Graces*, half-aſham'd, look down;
And 'twas obſerv'd, there were but few
Of either ſex among the crew,
Whom ſhe or her aſſeſſors knew.
The goddeſs ſoon began to ſee
Things were not ripe for a decree;
And ſaid, ſhe muſt conſult her books,
The *lovers'* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
Firſt to a dapper clerk ſhe beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the ſecond;
She then referr'd them to a place
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's caſe:)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never paſs'd for law in courts:

For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was ſmaller.
There was on both ſides much to ſay:
She'd hear the cauſe another day;
And ſo ſhe did, and then a third;
She heard it—there ſhe kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and anſwers ſtuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and eſſoign,
The parties ne'er could iſſue join:
For ſixteen years the cauſe was ſpun,
And then ſtood where it firſt begun.
Now, gentle Clio, ſing, or ſay,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddeſs, much perplex'd in mind,
To ſee her empire thus declin'd,
When firſt this grand debate aroſe,
Above her wiſdom to compoſe,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends; which, if it ſped,
Would ſhew the merits of the cauſe
Far better than conſulting laws.
In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wond'rous maid,
On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.
She threw her law-books on the ſhelf,
And thus debated with herſelf.
Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Thoſe beauties in a female mind,
Which raiſe a flame that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;

If 'tis with reaſon they complain,
This inſtant ſhall reſtore my reign.
I'll ſearch where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts incluſive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or ſages write:
Theſe I will gather and unite,
And repreſent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This ſaid, ſhe plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A ſprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs,
In nectar thrice infuſes bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays:
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And ſprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender ſkin aſſumes
A ſweetneſs above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanlineſs remains,
Incapable of outward ſtains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind;
Where not one careleſs thought intrudes,
Leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of prudes;
Where never bluſh was call'd in aid,
That ſpurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at ſecond-hand;
They bluſh, becauſe they underſtand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
And ſhew'd but little of their art:
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty ſhone;
The outward form no help requir'd:
Each breathing on her thrice, inſpir'd

That gentle, ſoft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair:
And ſaid, "Vaneſſa be the name
"By which thou ſhalt be known to fame;
"Vaneſſa, by the gods inroll'd:
"Her name on earth—ſhall not to be told."
But ſtill the work was not complete;
When Venus thought on a deceit,
Drawn by her doves, away ſhe flies,
And finds out Pallas in the ſkies:
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To ſee a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder iſle below,
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd ſwear it is Apollo's ſon:
But it ſhall ne'er be ſaid, a child
So hopeful has by me been ſpoil'd;
I have enough beſides to ſpare,
And give him wholly to your care.
Wiſdom's above ſuſpecting wiles:
The queen of learning gravely ſmiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Miſtakes Vaneſſa for a boy;
Then ſows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to womankind;
For manly boſoms chiefly fit,
The ſeeds of knowledge, judgment, wit.
Her ſoul was ſuddenly endow'd
With juſtice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can ſtain,
Which malice muſt attack in vain;

With open heart and bounteous hand.
But Pallas here was at a ſtand;
She knew, in our degen'rate days,
Bare virtue could not live on praiſe;—
That meat muſt be with money bought:
She therefore, upon ſecond thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by ſtealth,
Some ſmall regard for ſtate and wealth;
Of which, as ſhe grew up, there ſtaid
A tincture in the prudent maid:
She manag'd her eſtate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
But, leſt he ſhould neglect his ſtudies,
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddeſs
(For fear young maſter ſhould be ſpoil'd)
Would uſe him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to juſt five thouſand pound.
The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
To ſee Vaneſſa thus endow'd:
She doubted not but ſuch a dame
Through ev'ry breaſt would dart a flame;
That ev'ry rich and lordly ſwain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That ſcholars would forſake their books
To ſtudy bright Vaneſſa's looks;
As ſhe advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vaneſſa's praiſe rung in their ear:

Miſs Betty, when ſhe does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or ſpills the ſalt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
"'Tis what Vaneſſa never did."
Thus by the nymphs and ſwains ador'd,
My pow'r ſhall be again reſtor'd,
And happy lovers bleſs my reign——
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.
For when in time the *martial maid*
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She ſhakes her helm, ſhe knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the ſetting ſun,
She'd all undo that ſhe had done.
But in the poets we may find,
A wholeſome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree,
That gods, of whatſoe'er degree,
Reſume not what themſelves have given,
Or any brother-god in heav'n;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they muſt always be at odds:
And Pallas, if ſhe broke the laws,
Muſt yield her foe the ſtronger cauſe:
A ſhame to one ſo much ador'd
For wiſdom at Jove's council-board.
Beſides, ſhe fear'd the queen of love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though ſhe muſt with grief reflect,
To ſee a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breaſts, except her own;

Yet ſhe would act as beſt became
A goddeſs of unſpotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her deſign:
She ſtudy'd well the point, and found
Her foe's concluſions were not ſound,
From premiſſes erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And muſt have contrary effects,
To what her treach'rous foe expects.
In proper ſeaſon Pallas meets
The queen of love, whom thus ſhe greets;
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celeſtial language ſcold)
Perfidious goddeſs! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou haſt, as thou ſhalt quickly ſee,
Deceiv'd thyſelf, inſtead of me:
For how can heav'nly wiſdom prove
An inſtrument to earthly love?
Know'ſt thou not yet, that men commence
Thy votaries for want of ſenſe?
Nor ſhall Vaneſſa be the theme
To manage thy abortive ſcheme;
She'll prove the greateſt of thy foes;
And yet I ſcorn to interpoſe,
But uſing neither ſkill nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral courſe.
The goddeſs thus pronounc'd her doom:
When lo! Vaneſſa in her bloom

Advanc'd, like Atalanta's ſtar.
But rarely ſeen, and ſeen from far:
In a new world with caution ſtept,
Watch'd all the company ſhe kept,
Well knowing, from the books ſhe read,
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread:
Would ſeldom at the park appear,
Nor ſaw the play-houſe twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converſe of mankind.
  Firſt iſſu'd from perfumer's ſhops,
A croud of faſhionable fops:
They aſk'd her, how ſhe lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
A duel fought laſt night at two,
About a lady—you know who;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muſcovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who and who's together;
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Laſt night was ſo extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in ſoft voice and ſpeech abſurd,
With nonſenſe ev'ry ſecond word,
With fuſtian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praiſe;
Run o'er their cant of ſtupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.
  With ſilent ſcorn Vaneſſa ſat,
Scarce liſt'ning to their idle chat;
Further than ſometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.

At laſt ſhe ſpitefully was bent
To try their wiſdom's full extent;
And ſaid, ſhe valu'd nothing leſs
Than titles, figure, ſhape, and dreſs;
That merit ſhould be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taſte;
And theſe, ſhe offer'd to diſpute,
Alone diſtinguiſh'd man from brute:
That preſent times have no pretence
To virtue, in the noble ſenſe
By Greeks and Romans underſtood,
To periſh for our country's good.
She nam'd the antient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
Then ſpoke with cenſure or applauſe,
Of foreign cuſtoms, rites, and laws;
Thro' nature and thro' art ſhe rang'd,
And gracefully her ſubject chang'd:
In vain: Her hearers had no ſhare
In all ſhe ſpoke, except to ſtare.
Their judgment was upon the whole,
—That lady is the dulleſt ſoul—
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who ſhould ſay—She wants it here;
She may be handſome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To ſee the girl in diſhabille.
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up ſtairs;

At entrance loudeſt; where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vaneſſa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilſt Mrs Suſan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their uſual chat,
Diſcourſing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Shew'd patterns juſt from India brought,
And gravely aſk'd her what ſhe thought;
Whether the red or green were beſt,
And what they coſt? Vaneſſa gueſs'd
As came into her fancy firſt;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worſt.
To ſcandal next—What awkward thing
Was that laſt Sunday in the ring?
I'm ſorry Mopſa breaks ſo faſt;
I ſaid her face would never laſt.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to ſpare:
Her fondneſs for a certain Earl
Began, when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,
I ſaw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.
They rally'd next Vaneſſa's dreſs:
That gown was made for old Queen Beſs.
Dear Madam, let me ſee your head:
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure, you are not aſham'd to ſtoop;

With handſome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow ſees.
Fill'd with diſdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herſelf and ſex aſham'd,
The nymph ſtood ſilent out of ſpight,
Nor would vouchſafe to ſet them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their cenſures vent.
She's not ſo handſome in my eyes:
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the moſt:
But why proclaim her for a toſt?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what ſhe learn'd at country-fairs;
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not aſk
Her judgment how to buy a maſk.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place;
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as ſoon as ſhe is told.
I own, that out-of-faſhion ſtuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might paſs, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.
(*To know the world!*) a modern phraſe
For viſits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual ſhame,
The *queen of beauty* loſt her aim.

Too late with grief ſhe underſtood,
Pallas had done more harm than good:
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets diſdain.
Both ſexes, arm'd with guilt and ſpite,
Againſt Vaneſſa's pow'r unite:
To copy her few nymphs aſpir'd;
Her virtue fewer ſwains admir'd.
So ſtars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet ſome of either ſex, endow'd
With gifts ſuperior to the croud,
With virtue, knowledge, taſte, and wit,
She condeſcended to admit.
With pleaſing arts ſhe could reduce
Mens talents to their proper uſe;
And with addreſs each genius held
To that wherein it moſt excell'd;
Thus making others wiſdom known,
Could pleaſe them, and improve her own.
A modeſt youth ſaid ſomething new;
She plac'd it in the ſtrongeſt view.
All humble worth ſhe ſtrove to raiſe;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praiſe.
The learned met with free approach,
Altho' they came not in a coach:
Some clergy too ſhe would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their aukward bow.
But this was for Cadenus' ſake,
A gownman of a diff'rent make;
Whom Pallas, once Vaneſſa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of miſchief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain;
Vows on Vaneſſa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's ſake;
Thoſe early ſeeds by Venus ſown,
In ſpite of Pallas, now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made uſe of all his craft,
In vain diſcharging many a ſhaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux:
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For, placing ſtill ſome book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's morals ſtruck, were ſpoil'd.
The *queen of wiſdom* could foreſee,
But not prevent, the fates decree:
And human caution tries in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vaneſſa, tho' by Pallas taught,
By *Love* invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wiſdom's aid,
Was, in the very ſearch, betray'd.
Cupid, tho' all his darts were loſt,
Yet ſtill reſolv'd to ſpare no coſt:
He could not anſwer to his fame
The triumphs of that ſtubborn dame,
A nymph ſo hard to be ſubdu'd,
Who neither was coquette not prude.

I find, ſaid he, ſhe wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and inſtruct her:
I'll give her what ſhe moſt admires
Among thoſe venerable ſires.
Cadenus is a ſubject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Careſs'd by miniſters of ſtate,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her ſex, with univerſal voice,
Muſt laugh at her capricious choice.
Cadenus many things had writ:
Vaneſſa much eſteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in ſecret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private ſtand
Took aim, and ſhot with all his ſtrength
A dart of ſuch prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume thro',
And deep transfix'd her boſom too.
Some lines, more moving than the reſt,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breaſt,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her ſmart.
Vaneſſa, not in years a ſcore,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;
Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almoſt blind:
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.

She fancies muſic in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ſhip decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A ſapling with a falling oak?
As years increaſe, ſhe brighter ſhines:
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he muſt fall a prey to time,
While ſhe continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry ſcene had kept his heart;
Had ſigh'd and languiſh'd, vow'd and writ,
For paſtime, or to ſhew his wit.
But time, and books, and ſtate-affairs,
Had ſpoil'd his faſhionable airs:
He now could praiſe, eſteem, approve,
But underſtood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him ſtyl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To ſee the virgin mind her book,
Was but the maſter's ſecret joy
In ſchool to hear the fineſt boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly preſs'd for ſomething new;
Ideas came into her mind
So faſt, his leſſons lagg'd behind:
She reaſon'd, without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
But now a ſudden change was wrought:
She minds no longer what he taught.

Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a diſtracted mind:
For, tho' ſhe ſeem'd to liſten more
To all he ſpoke, than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would abſent range,
Yet gueſs'd not whence could ſpring the change.
And firſt he modeſtly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But in a mild dejected ſtrain,
At laſt he ventur'd to complain;
Said, ſhe ſhould be no longer teas'd;
Might have her freedom when ſhe pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
To hide her from the world ſo long,
And in dull ſtudies to engage
One of her tender ſex and age;
That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd,
How ſhe might ſhine in the *grand monde*,
And ev'ry ſhepherd was undone
To ſee her cloiſter'd like a nun.
This was a viſionary ſcheme;
He wak'd, and found it but a dream;
A project far above his ſkill;
For nature muſt be nature ſtill.
If he was bolder than became
A ſcholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuſe a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And, ſince his talk offenſive grew,
He came to take his laſt adieu.

Vaneſſa, fill'd with juſt diſdain,
Would ſtill her dignity maintain,
Inſtructed, from her early years,
To ſcorn the art of female tears.
Had he employ'd his time ſo long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could ſuch notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts;
But he muſt anſwer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her coſt,
That all his leſſons were not loſt.
Two maxims ſhe could ſtill produce,
And ſad experience taught their uſe;
That virtue, pleas'd by being ſhown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear diſcloſe
Our inmoſt ſecrets to our foes:
That common forms were not deſign'd
Directors to a noble mind.
Now, ſaid the nymph, I'll let you ſee
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms deſpiſe,
And have no ſecrets to diſguiſe.
I knew, by what you ſaid and writ,
How dang'rous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me againſt their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your leſſons found the weakeſt part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.
Cadenus felt within him riſe
Shame, diſappointment, guilt, ſurpriſe.

He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her uſual ſtyle:
And yet her words were ſo expreſt,
He could not hope ſhe ſpoke in jeſt.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind.
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph was young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without diſtinguiſhing her face:
Much leſs could his declining age
Vaneſſa's earlieſt thoughts engage;
And if her youth indiff'rence met,
His perſon muſt contempt beget:
Or, grant her paſſion be ſincere,
How ſhall his innocence be clear?
Appearances were all ſo ſtrong,
The world muſt think him in the wrong,
Would ſay he made a treach'rous uſe
Of wit, to flatter and ſeduce:
The town would ſwear he had betray'd
By magic ſpells the harmleſs maid:
And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
That ſcholars were like other folks;
That, when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair!
It ſhew'd a true paternal care——
Five thouſand guineas in her purſe!
The doctor might have fancy'd worſe.——
Hardly at length he ſilence broke,
And faulter'd ev'ry word he ſpoke;

Interpreting her complaiſance,
Juſt as a man *ſans conſequence*,
She rally'd well, he always knew:
Her manner now was ſomething new;
And what ſhe ſpoke was in an air
As ſerious as a tragic player.
But thoſe who aim at ridicule,
Should fix upon ſome certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jeſt,
Elſe he muſt enter his proteſt:
For let a man be ne'er ſo wiſe,
He may be caught with ſober lies;
A ſcience which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis juſt what coxcombs call a *bite*.
But, not to dwell on things minute,
Vaneſſa finiſh'd the diſpute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reaſon was her guide in love.
She thought he had himſelf deſcrib'd,
His doctrines when ſhe firſt imbib'd:
What he had planted, now was grown;
His virtues ſhe might call her own:
As he approves, as he diſlikes,
Love or contempt her fancy ſtrikes.
Self-love, in nature rooted faſt,
Attends us firſt, and leaves us laſt:
Why ſhe likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herſelf, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praiſe
The geniuſes of antient days!

(Thoſe authors he ſo oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wiſdom fam'd;)
Was ſtruck with love, eſteem, and awe,
For perſons whom he never ſaw.
Suppoſe Cadenus flouriſh'd then,
He muſt adore ſuch godlike men.
If one ſhort volume could compriſe
All that was witty, learn'd, and wiſe,
How would it be eſteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If ſuch an author were alive,
How all would for his friendſhip ſtrive,
And come in crouds to ſee his face!
And this ſhe takes to be her caſe.
Cadenus anſwers ev'ry end,
The book, the author, and the friend;
The utmoſt her deſires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converſe is a ſyſtem fit
Alone to fill up all her wit;
While ev'ry paſſion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
Love can with ſpeech inſpire a mute,
And taught Vaneſſa to diſpute.
This topic never touch'd before,
Diſplay'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with ſuch pains acquir'd,
By this new paſſion grew inſpir'd:
Through this ſhe made all objects paſs,
Which gave a tincture o'er the maſs;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the ſea their courſe incline;

Or, as philoſophers, who find
Some fav'rite ſyſtem to their mind,
In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to ſubmit.
Cadenus, who could ne'er ſuſpect
His leſſons would have ſuch effect,
Or be ſo artfully apply'd,
Inſenſibly came on her ſide.
It was an unforeſeen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excells in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in ſober words intreats
A truce with all ſublime conceits:
For why ſuch raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durſt not read romances?
In lofty ſtile to make replies,
Which he had taught her to deſpiſe?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and reſpect,
He fairly abdicates his throne;
The government is now her own:
But though her arguments were ſtrong,
At leaſt could hardly wiſh them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But, ſure ſhe never talk'd ſo well.
His pride began to interpoſe;
Preferr'd before a croud of beaux!
So bright a nymph to come unſought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!

'Tis merit muſt with her prevail;
He never knew her judgment fail.
She noted all ſhe ever read,
And had a moſt diſcerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the ſchools,
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit
Will condeſcend to take a bit.
So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He choſe to juſtify, his pride;
When Miſs delights in her ſpinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get;
A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-ſchools can have his choice:
And oft the dancing-maſter's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a miſtreſs by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and ſhame,
Could ſcarce oppoſe Vaneſſa's flame;
Where hot and cold, where ſharp and ſweet,
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleaſures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage.
But friendſhip, in its greateſt height,
A conſtant, rational delight,
On virtue's baſis fix'd at laſt,
When love's allurements long are paſt,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return;

His want of paſſion will redeem,
With gratitude, reſpect, eſteem;
With that devotion we beſtow,
When goddeſſes appear below.
While thus Cadenus entertains
Vaneſſa in exalted ſtrains,
Conſtr'ing the paſſion ſhe had ſhown,
Much to her praiſe, more to his own.
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a moſt judicious taſte.
Love, hitherto a tranſient gueſt,
Ne'er held poſſeſſion in his breaſt;
So long attending at the gate,
Diſdain'd to enter in ſo late.
Love why do we one paſſion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it ſtrange,
If both ſhould now their ſtations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor; and the pupil, he:
Though ſhe already can diſcern,
Her ſcholar is not apt to learn;
Or wants capacity to reach
The ſcience ſhe deſigns to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The ſkill of ev'ry common beau:
Who, though he cannot ſpell, is wiſe
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what ſucceſs Vaneſſa met,
Is to the world a ſecret yet.
Whether the nymph, to pleaſe her ſwain,
Talks in a high romantic ſtrain;
Or whether he at laſt deſcends
To act with leſs ſeraphic ends;
Or, to compound the buſineſs, whether
They temper love and books together;
Muſt never to mankind be told,
Nor ſhall the conſcious muſe unfold.
Meantime the mournful *queen of love*
Led but a weary life above.
She ventures now to leave the ſkies,
Grown by Vaneſſa's conduct wiſe:
For tho' by one perverſe event
Pallas had croſs'd her firſt intent,
Tho' her deſign was not obtain'd;
Yet had ſhe much experience gain'd,
And, by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the *cauſe* decide.
She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and ſave their bail.
All met; and, ſilence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each ſide was nam'd.
The judge diſcover'd in her face
Reſentments for her late diſgrace;
And, full of anger, ſhame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief;
Nor ſpend their time to ſhew their reading;
She'd have a ſummary proceeding.

See gather'd under every head
The ſum of what each lawyer ſaid,
Gave her own reaſons laſt, and then
Decreed the cauſe againſt the *men*.
But, in a weighty caſe like this,
To ſhew ſhe did not judge amiſs,
Which evil tongues might elſe report,
She made a ſpeech in open court;
Wherein ſhe grievouſly complains,
" How ſhe was cheated by the ſwains;"
On whoſe petition (humbly ſhewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unleſs the ſex would mend,
The race of lovers ſoon muſt end),
" She was at Lord knows what expence
" To form a nymph of wit and ſenſe,
" A model for her ſex deſign'd,
" Who never could one lover find.
" She ſaw, her favour was miſplac'd;
" The fellows had a wretched taſte;
" She needs muſt tell them to their face,
" They were a ſenſeleſs, ſtupid race;
" And, were ſhe to begin again,
" She'd ſtudy to reform the *men*;
" Or add ſome grains of folly more
" To *women*, than they had before,
" To put them on an equal foot;
" And this, or nothing elſe, would do't.
" This might their mutual fancy ſtrike;
" Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
" But now, repenting what was done,
" She left all bus'neſs to her ſon;

" She puts the world in his poſſeſſion,
" And let him uſe it at diſcretion."
The cry'r was order'd to diſmiſs
The court, ſo made his laſt *O yes!*
The goddeſs would no longer wait;
But, riſing from her chair of ſtate,
Left all below at ſix and ſev'n,
Harneſs'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

BAUCIS

AND

PHILEMON.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.

Written about the year 1708.

IN antient times, as ſtory tells,
The ſaints would often leave their cells,
And ſtroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hoſpitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, ſaints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in maſquerade,
Diſguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a ſmall village down in Kent;
Where, in the ſtrollers canting ſtrain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,

Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
But not a ſoul would let them in.
Our wand'ring ſaints in woful ſtate,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village paſt,
To a ſmall cottage came at laſt;
Where dwelt a good old honeſt ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon;
Who kindly did theſe ſaints invite
In his poor hut to paſs the night;
And then the hoſpitable ſire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fatteſt ſide
Cut out large ſlices to be fry'd;
Then ſtepp'd aſide to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And ſaw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found,
'Twas ſtill repleniſh'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were freighten'd to the heart,
And juſt began to cry,——What art!
Then ſoftly turn'd aſide to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims*, ſoon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errant:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *ſaints*, the hermits ſaid;

No hurt ſhall come to you or your's:
But for that pack of churliſh boors,
Not fit to live on Chriſtian ground,
They and their houſes ſhall be drown'd;
Whilſt you ſhall ſee your cottage riſe,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They ſcarce had ſpoke, when fair and ſoft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft roſe ev'ry beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd ſlowly after.
The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a ſteeple with a ſpire.
The kettle to the top was hoiſt,
And there ſtood faſten'd to a joiſt,
But with the upſide down, to ſhow
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for a ſuperior force
Apply'd at bottom ſtops its courſe:
Doom'd ever in ſuſpenſe to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almoſt
Loſt by diſuſe the art to roaſt,
A ſudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new inteſtine wheels;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion ſlow'r.
The flier, tho't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round ſo quick, you ſcarce could ſee't;
But, ſlacken'd by ſome ſecret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd,
Had never left each other's ſide:

The chimney to a ſteeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up againſt the ſteeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and ſtill adher'd;
And ſtill its love to houſhold-cares,
By a ſhrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roaſt-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge ſnail, along the wall;
There ſtuck aloft in public view,
And, with ſmall change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring ſhow,
To a leſs noble ſubſtance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads paſted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and Engliſh Moll,
Fair Roſamond, and Robin Hood,
The little children in the wood,
Now ſeem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, ſize, and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, deſcribe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedſtead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our anceſtors did uſe,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which ſtill their antient nature keep,
By lodging folks diſpos'd to ſleep.

The cottage by ſuch feats as theſe
Grown to a church by juſt degrees,

The hermits then deſir'd their hoſt
To aſk for what he fancy'd moſt.
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely ſtyle;
Then ſaid, My houſe is grown ſo fine,
Methinks, I ſtill would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at eaſe;
Make me the *parſon*, if you pleaſe.

He ſpoke, and preſently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He ſees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-ſleeve;
His waiſtcoat to a caſſock grew,
And both aſſum'd a ſable hue;
But, being old, continued juſt
As threed-bare, and as full of duſt.
His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*:
He ſmok'd his pipe, and read the news;
Knew how to preach old ſermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At chriſt'nings well could act his part,
And had the ſervice all by heart;
Wiſh'd women might have children faſt,
And thought whoſe ſow had farrow'd laſt;
Againſt *diſſenters* would repine,
And ſtood up firm for *right divine*;
Found his head fill'd with many a ſyſtem:
But claſſic authors,——he ne'er miſs'd 'em.

Thus having furbiſh'd up a parſon,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Inſtead of home-ſpun coifs, were ſeen
Good pinners edg'd with *colberteen*;

Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black ſattin flounc'd with lace.
Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great ſurpriſe,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to ſee her look ſo prim;
And ſhe admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were ſev'ral years this man and wife;
When on a day, which prov'd their laſt,
Diſcourſing o'er old ſtories paſt,
They went by chance, amidſt their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haſtily cry'd out,
My dear, I ſee your forehead ſprout!
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really your's is budding too———
Nay,——now I cannot ſtir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Deſcription would but tire my muſe;
In ſhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old Goodman Dobſon of the green
Remembers, he the trees has ſeen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to ſhew the ſight;
On Sundays, after evening pray'r,
He gathers all the pariſh there;
Points out the place of either *yew*:
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:

Till once a parſon of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew ſcrubby, dy'd a-top, was ſtunted;
So the next parſon ſtubb'd and burnt it.

A DESCRIPTION OF A CITY-SHOWER.

In Imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

CAreful obſervers may foretel the hour
(By ſure prognoſtics) when to dread a ſhow'r.
While rains depends, the penſive cat gives o'er
Her frolicks, and purſues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the ſink
Strike your offended ſenſe with double ſtink,
If you be wiſe, then go not far to dine;
You'll ſpend in coach-hire more than ſave in wine.
A coming ſhow'r your ſhooting corns preſage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage;
Saunt'ring in coffee-houſe is Dulman ſeen;
He damns the climate, and complains of *ſpleen.*

Mean while the ſouth, riſing with dabbled wings
A ſable cloud athwart the welkin flings,

That ſwill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Briſk Suſan whips her linen from the rope,
While the firſt drizzling ſhow'r is born aſſope:
Such is that ſprinkling which ſome careleſs quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not ſo clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, ſtop
To rail; ſhe ſinging, ſtill whirls on her mop.
Not yet the duſt had ſhunn'd th' unequal ſtrife,
But, aided by the wind, fought ſtill for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent guſt,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was duſt.
Ah! where muſt needy poet ſeek for aid,
When duſt and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where duſt cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy ſtain.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To ſhops in crouds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The templar ſpruce, while ev'ry ſpout's abroach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet ſeems to call a coach.
The tuck'd-up ſempſtreſs walks with haſty ſtrides,
While ſtreams run down her oil'd umbrella's ſides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a ſhade.
Triumphant *Tories*, and deſponding *Whigs*,
Forget their feuds, and join to ſave their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient ſits,
While ſpouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather ſounds; he trembles from within.

So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden ſteed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
(Thoſe bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Inſtead of paying chairmen, run them through),
Laocoon ſtruck the outſide with his ſpear,
And each impriſon'd hero quack'd for fear.

Now from all parts the ſwelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours ſeem to tell
What ſtreet they ſail'd from by their ſight and ſmell;
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St Pulchre's ſhape their courſe,
And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holburn bridge,
Sweepings from butchers ſtalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drown'd puppies, ſtinking ſprats, all drench'd in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

A

DESCRIPTION

OF THE

MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-coach
Appearing, ſhew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
Now Betty from her maſter's bed had flown,
And ſoftly ſtole to diſcompoſe her own:
The ſlipſhod 'prentice from his maſter's door
Had par'd the dirt, and ſprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to ſcrub the entry and the ſtairs.
The youth with broomy ſtumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The ſmall coalman was heard with cadence deep
Till drown'd in ſhriller notes of chimney-ſweep:
Duns at his Lordſhip's gates began to meet;
And brick-duſt Moll had ſcream'd through half the
ſtreet.

The turnkey now his flock returning ſees,
Duly let out at nights to ſteal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their ſilent ſtands,
And ſchool-boys lag with ſatchels in their hands.

HORACE, Epiſt. 7. Book 1. imitated, and addreſſed to the Earl of OXFORD, in the year 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great ſupport,
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares poſſeſt,
All Europe's bus'neſs in his breaſt),
Obſerv'd a *parſon* near Whitehall
Cheap'ning old authors on a ſtall.
The prieſt was pretty well in caſe,
And ſhew'd ſome humour in his face;
Look'd with an eaſy, careleſs mien,
A perfect ſtranger to the ſpleen;
Of ſize that might a pulpit fill,
But more inclining to ſit ſtill.
My Lord (who, if a man may ſay't,
Loves miſchief better than his meat)
Was now diſpos'd to crack a jeſt,
And bid friend Lewis go in queſt,
(This Lewis is a cunning ſhaver,
And very much in Harley's favour)
In queſt, who might this *parſon* be,
What was his name, of what degree,
If poſſible, to learn his ſtory,
And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.
Lewis his patron's humour knows,
Away upon his errant goes,

And quickly did the matter ſift;
Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
A clergyman of ſpecial note
For ſhunning thoſe of his own coat;
Which made his brethren of the gown
Take care betimes to run him down:
No libertine, nor over-nice,
Addicted to no ſort of vice,
Went where he pleas'd, ſaid what he thought,
Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
In ſtate-opinions *a la mode*,
He hated Wharton like a toad,
Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
And libell'd all the *junto* round;
Kept company with men of wit,
Who often father'd what he writ:
His works were hawk'd in ev'ry ſtreet,
But ſeldom roſe above a ſheet:
Of late indeed the paper ſtampt
Did very much his genius cramp,
And, ſince he could not ſpend his fire,
He now intended to retire.
Said Harley, I deſire to know
From his own mouth if this be ſo;
Step to the Doctor ſtrait, and ſay,
I'd have him dine with me to-day.
Swift ſeem'd to wonder what he meant,
Nor would believe my Lord had ſent;
So never offer'd once to ſtir;
But coldly ſaid, *Your ſervant, Sir.*
Does he refuſe me? Harley cry'd:
He does, with inſolence and pride.

Some few days after Harley ſpies
The Doctor faſten'd by the eyes
At Charing-croſs among the rout,
Where painted monſters are hung out:
He pull'd the ſtring, and ſtopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.
Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came ſneaking to the chariot ſide,
And offer'd many a lame excuſe:
He never meant the leaſt abuſe——
My Lord——the honour you deſign'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm ſure I never ſhould neglect——
No man alive has more reſpect——
" Well, I ſhall think of that no more,
" If you'll be ſure to come at four.
The Doctor now obeys the ſummons,
Likes both his company and commons;
Diſplays his talent, ſits till ten;
Next day invited, comes again;
Soon grows domeſtic; ſeldom fails
Either at morning or at meals;
Came early, and departed late:
In ſhort, the gudgeon took the bait.
My Lord would carry on the jeſt,
And down to Windſor takes his gueſt.
Swift much admires the place and air,
And longs to be a *canon* there;
In ſummer round the park to ride,
In winter, never to reſide.
A *canon!* that's a place too mean;
No, Doctor, you ſhould be a *Dean;*

Two dozen *canons* round your ſtall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all:
You need but croſs the *Iriſh ſeas*,
To live in plenty, power, and eaſe.
Poor Swift departs; and, what is worſe,
With borrow'd money in his purſe;
Travels at leaſt an hundred leagues,
And ſuffers numberleſs fatigues.

Suppoſe him now a *Dean* complete,
Devoutly lolling in his ſeat;
The ſilver virge, with decent pride,
Stuck underneath his cuſhion-ſide;
Suppoſe him gone through all vexations,
Patents, inſtalments, abjurations,
Firſt-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
Dues, payments, fees, demands, and——cheats,
(The wicked laity's contriving
To hinder clergymen from thriving).
Now all the Doctor's money's ſpent,
His tenants wrong him in his rent;
The farmers ſpitefully combin'd
Force him to take his tithes in kind:
And Parviſol diſcounts arrears
By bills for taxes and repairs.

Poor Swift, with all his loſſes vex'd,
Not knowing where to turn him next,
Above a thouſand pounds in debt,
Takes horſe, and in a mighty fret
Rides day and night at ſuch a rate,
He ſoon arrives at Harley's gate;
But was ſo dirty, pale, and thin,
Old Read would hardly let him in.

Said Harley, Welcome Rev'rend Dean;
What makes your Worſhip look ſo lean?
Why, ſure you wont appear in town
In that old wig and ruſty gown?
I doubt your heart is ſet on pelf
So much, that you neglect yourſelf.
What! I ſuppoſe now ſtocks are high,
You've ſome good purchaſe in your eye;
Or is your money out at uſe?
Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce,
(The Doctor in a paſſion cry'd),
Your raillery is miſapply'd;
Experience I have dearly bought;
You know I am not worth a groat:
But 'tis a folly to conteſt
When you reſolve to have your jeſt;
Then, ſince you now have done your worſt,
Pray leave me where you found me firſt.

HORACE, Lib. 2. Sat. 6. part of it imitated.

Written about the year 1713.

I'VE often wiſh'd, that I had clear
For life, ſix hundred pounds a-year,
A handſome houſe to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras walk, and half a rood
Of land ſet out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this, and more,
I aſk not to increaſe my ſtore;
But ſhould be perfectly content,
Could I but live on this ſide Trent,
Nor croſs the *channel* twice a-year,
To ſpend ſix months with *ſtateſmen* here.
I muſt by all means come to town,
'Tis for the ſervice of the crown.
"Lewis, the *Dean* will be of uſe;
"Send for him up, take no excuſe."
The toil, the danger of the ſeas,
Great miniſters ne'er think of theſe;
Or, let it coſt five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found,
It is but ſo much more in debt,
And that they ne'er conſider'd yet.
"Good Mr *Dean*, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."

I hurry me in haſte away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green;
How ſhould I thruſt myſelf between?
Some wag obſerves me thus perplext,
And ſmiling whiſpers to the next,
"I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
"To juſtle here among a croud."
Another in a ſurly fit
Tells me, I have more zeal than wit;
"So eager to expreſs your love,
"You ne'er conſider whom you ſhove,
"But rudely preſs before a Duke."
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly meant to ſhow
What I deſire the world ſhould know.
I get a whiſper, and withdraw,
When twenty fools I never ſaw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Deſiring I would ſtand their friend.
This humbly offers me his caſe—
That begs my int'reſt for a place—
An hundred other mens affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
"Without your help, the cauſe is gone."—
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About ſome great affair at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind
"To get my warrant quickly ſign'd:

" Conſider, 'tis my firſt requeſt."—
Be ſatisfy'd. I'll do my beſt:
Then preſently he falls to teaſe,
" You may for certain, if you pleaſe;
" I doubt not, if his Lordſhip knew;
" And, Mr *Dean*, one word from you;"
'Tis (let me ſee) three years and more
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me firſt attend,
And choſe me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And queſtion me of this and that;
As, " What's o'clock?" and, " How's the wind?
" Who's chariot's that we left behind?"
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country-*ſigns*;
Or, " Have you nothing new to-day
" From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains,
As once a-week we travel down
To Windſor, and again to town,
Where all that paſſes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-croſs.
Yet ſome I know with envy ſwell,
Becauſe they ſee me us'd ſo well:
" How think you of our friend the *Dean*?
" I wonder what ſome people mean;
" My Lord and he are grown ſo great,
" Always together *tete a tete*—
" What, they admire him for his jokes—
" See but the fortune of ſome folks."

There flies about a ſtrange report
Of ſome expreſs arriv'd at court.
I'm ſtopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry ſtreet.
" You, Mr *Dean*, frequent the great;
" Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat?
" Or, do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah! Doctor, how you love to jeſt!
" 'Tis now no ſecret."—I proteſt
'Tis one to me—" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay?"
And though I ſolemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They ſtand amaz'd, and think me grown
The cloſeſt mortal ever known.
Thus in a ſea of folly toſt,
My choiceſt hours of life are loſt;
Yet always wiſhing to retreat,
Oh, could I ſee my country-ſeat!
There, leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruſe ſome antient book!
And there in ſweet oblivion drown
Thoſe cares that haunt the court and town!

VERSES written in a Lady's Ivory Table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
And think thou ſeeſt my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as ſenſeleſs, and as light;
Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wiſe.
Here you may read, *Dear charming ſaint;*
Beneath, *A new receipt for paint:*
Here in beau-ſpelling, *Tru tel deth;*
There in her own, *Far an el breth:*
Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom;*
There, *A ſafe way to uſe perfume:*
Here a page fill'd with billet-doux;
On t'other ſide, *Laid out for ſhoes:*
Madam, I die without your grace;
Item, *for half a yard of lace.*
Who that had wit would place it here,
For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer?
In pow'r of ſpittle, and a clout,
Whene'er he pleaſe, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the diſgrace,
Clap his own nonſenſe in the place.

Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book, and such a heart,
If he be wealthy, and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

Mrs HARRIS's PETITION.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies,

The Lords Juſtices of Ireland.

The humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who muſt ſtarve, and die a maid, if it miſcarries.

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myſelf in Lady Betty's chamber, becauſe I was cold;
And I had in a purſe ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſixpence, beſides farthings, in money and gold:
So, becauſe I had been buying things for my *Lady* laſt night,
I was reſolved to tell my money, to ſee if it was right.
Now, you muſt know, becauſe my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very ſmall ſtock,
I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle, next to my ſmock.

So, when I went to put up my purſe, as God would have it, my ſmock was unript,
And, inſtead of putting it into my pocket, down it ſlipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to bed:
And, God knows, I thought my money was as ſafe as my maidenhead.
So, when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light:
But when I ſearch'd, and miſs'd my purſe, *Lord!* I thought I ſhould have ſunk outright.
Lord! Madam, ſays Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, ſays I, never worſe:
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purſe?
Lord help me! ſaid Mary, I never ſtirr'd out of this place:
Nay, ſaid I, I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain caſe.
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm:
However, ſhe ſtole away my garters, that I might do myſelf no harm.
So I tumbled and toſs'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever ſet my eyes together, or ſlept a wink.
So I was a-dreamed, methought, that we went and ſearch'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs Dukes's box ty'd in a rag the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a ſwearing:
Then my dame Wadgar came; and ſhe, you know, is thick of hearing:
Dame, ſaid I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a loſs I have had?
Nay, ſaid ſhe, my Lord Colway's folks are all very ſad:
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tueſday without fail.
Pugh! ſaid I, but that's not the buſineſs that I ail.
Says Cary, ſays he, I have been a ſervant this five and twenty years, come ſpring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of ſuch a thing.
Yes, ſays the *ſteward*, I remember, when I was at my Lady Shrewſbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd juſt about the time of *gooſeberries*.
So I went to the party ſuſpected, and I found her full of grief,
(Now you muſt know, of all things in the world, I hate a thief.)
However, I was reſolved to bring the diſcourſe ſlily about:
Mrs Dukes, ſaid I, here's an ugly accident has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three ſkips of a louſe;
But the thing I ſtand upon is the credit of the houſe.

'Tis true, ſeven pounds four ſhillings and ſix pence makes a great hole in my wages:
Beſides, as they ſay, ſervice is no inheritance in theſe ages.
Now, Mrs Dukes, you know, and every body underſtands,
That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go without hands.
The *devil* take me, ſaid ſhe, (bleſſing herſelf,) if ever I ſaw't!
So ſhe roar'd like a Beldam, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught.
So you know, what could I ſay to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wiſe as I was before.
Well; but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man!
No, ſaid I, 'tis the ſame thing, the *chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *chaplain* came in. Now the ſervants ſay he is my ſweet-heart,
Becauſe he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part.
So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parſon, ſaid I, can you caſt a *nativity*, when a body's plunder'd?
(Now you muſt know, he hates to be call'd *parſon* like the *devil*.)
Truly, ſays he, Mrs Nab, it might become you to be more civil:

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* ſays, d'ye ſee,
You are no *text* for my handling; ſo take that from me:
I was never taken for a *conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord! ſaid I, don't be angry, I am ſure I never thought you ſo;
You know I honour the cloth; I deſign to be a *parſon*'s wife;
I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjurer* in all my life.
With that he twiſted his girdle at me like a rope, as who ſhould ſay,
Now you may go hang yourſelf for me, and ſo went away.
Well: I thought I ſhould have ſwoon'd. *Lord!* ſaid I, what ſhall I do?
I hove loſt my *money*, and ſhall loſe my *true love* too.
Then my *Lord* call'd me: Harry, ſaid my *Lord*, don't cry,
I'll give you ſomething towards thy loſs: And, ſays my *Lady*, ſo will I.
Oh! but, ſaid I, what if, after all, my chaplain won't *come to?*
For that, he ſaid (an't pleaſe your *Excellencies*,) I muſt petition you.
The premiſſes tenderly conſider'd, I deſire your *Excellencies* protection,
And that I may have a ſhare in next Sunday's collection;

And, over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* letter,
With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, instead of him, a better:
And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day,
Or the *chaplain* (for 'tis his *trade*,) as in duty bound,
Shall ever *pray*.

Lady Betty Berkely, finding in the author's room some verſes unfiniſh'd, underwrit a *ſtanza* of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occaſion to this *ballad*, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third perſon had done it.

Written in the year 1703.

To the tune of *The cut-purſe.*

I.

ONCE on a time, as old ſtories rehearſe,
A friar would needs ſhew his talent in Latin;
But was ſorely put to't in the midſt of a verſe,
Becauſe he could find no word to come pat in:
Then all in the place
He left a void ſpace,
And ſo went to bed in a deſperate caſe:
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was ſtrangely fill'd up in the middle.
Cho. *Let cenſuring critics then think what they liſt on't;*
Who would not write verſes with ſuch aſſiſtant?

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement:
For he wiſely conſider'd it muſt be a ſprite,
That came thro' the key-hole, or in at the caſement;
And it needs muſt be one that could both read and write:

Yet he did not know
If it were friend or foe,
Or whether it came from above or below:
Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
For he ne'er could have fill'd it ſo well of himſelf.
Chor. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

III.

Even ſo Maſter Doctor had puzzled his brains
In making a ballad, but was at a ſtand:
He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains;
When he found a new help from inviſible hand.
Then, Good Doctor Swift,
Pay thanks for the gift,
For you freely muſt own you were at a dead lift;
And, tho' ſome malicious young ſpirit did do't,
You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
Cho. *Let cenſuring*, &c.

VANBRUGH's HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
And poets their own verſes ſung,
A verſe could draw a ſtone or beam,
That now would overload a team;
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile.
Each number had its diff'rent pow'r:
Heroic ſtrains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
Might raiſe a houſe about two ſtories;
A lyric ode would ſlate; a catch
Would tyle; an epigram would thatch.
But, to their own, or landlord's coſt,
Now poets feel their art is loſt.
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raiſe a lodging *for a ſong*.
For Jove conſider'd well the caſe,
Obſerv'd they grew a num'rous race;
And ſhould they build as faſt as *write*,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.

This evil therefore to prevent,
He wiſely chang'd their element:
On earth the god of wealth was made
Sole patron of the building trade;
Leaving the wits the ſpacious air,
With licence to *build caſtles* there:
And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
Premiſing thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to ſay:
Sing, Muſe, the houſe of poet Van
In higher ſtrains than we began.
Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it),
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely ſkill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a *houſe* gone to decay;
Or by *atchievement*, *arms*, *device*,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And, as a poet, he has ſkill
To build in ſpeculation ſtill.
Great Jove! he cried, the art reſtore
To build by verſe as heretofore,
And make my Muſe the architect:
What palaces ſhall we erect!
No longer ſhall forſaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile ſhall from its aſhes riſe,
Fit to invade or prop the ſkies.
Jove ſmil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Conſenting with the uſual nod,

Told Van, he knew his talent beſt,
And left the choice to his own breaſt.
So Van reſolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was ſcarce,
With cunning that defect ſupplies;
Takes a French play as lawful prize;
Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
Not once ſuſpecting Jove would *ſmoke;*
And (like a wag) ſat down to write,
Would whiſper to himſelf, a *bite.*
Then from the motley, mingled ſtile
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove ſaw the cheat, but thought it beſt
To turn the matter to a jeſt:
Down from Olympus' top he ſlides,
Laughing as if he'd burſt his ſides:
Ay, thought the god, are theſe your tricks
Why then *old plays* deſerve *old bricks;*
And, ſince you're ſparing of your ſtuff,
Your building ſhall be ſmall enough.
He ſpake, and, grudging, lent his aid:
Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at ſecond hand),
Now move, and now in order ſtand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Roſe in proportion to his wit:
And firſt the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompaſs all.
The ſcene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few ſcrubby trees before.

The plot as yet lay deep; and ſo
A cellar next was dug below:
But this a work ſo hard was found,
Two acts it coſt him under ground.
Two other acts we may preſume
Were ſpent in building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a ſhift
To raiſe a roof with act the fifth.
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.
Now poets from all quarters ran
To ſee the houſe of brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round;
But no ſuch houſe was to be found.
One aſks the watermen hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
Another of the Thames inquires,
If he has ſeen its gilded ſpires!
At length they in the rubbiſh ſpy
A thing reſembling a gooſe-pye.
Thither in haſte the poets throng,
And gaze in ſilent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praiſe the pile and builder Van.
Thrice happy poet! who may'ſt trail
Thy houſe about thee like a ſnail:
Or, harneſs'd to a nag, at eaſe
Take journeys in it like a chaiſe;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canſt make it ſerve thee for a tilt.
Capacious houſe, 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art ſmall:

For ev'ry wit in Britain's iſle
May lodge within thy ſpacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phoenix from the flame;
But neither *bulk* nor *ſhape* the ſame:
As animals of largeſt ſize
Corrupt in maggots, worms, and flies;
A type of *modern* wit and ſtyle,
The rubbiſh of an antient pile.
So *chymiſts* boaſt they have a pow'r
From the dead aſhes of a flow'r
Some faint reſemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taſte, or juice.
So modern rhymers wiſely blaſt
The poetry of ages paſt;
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH's HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had roſe from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van ſaw, but ſeem'd not to regard,
How *Miſs* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
And, buſy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a houſe two ſtories high.
Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*;
He view'd the edifice, and ſmil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was ſo perfect in its kind,
He kept the *model* in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And ſaw them dabbling in their clay,
He ſtood behind a ſtall to lurk,
And mark the progreſs of their work;
With true delight obſerv'd them all
Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The *model* in his table-book;

Thought himſelf now exactly ſkill'd,
And ſo reſolv'd a *houſe* to be build;
A *real houſe*, with *rooms* and *ſtairs*,
Five times at leaſt as big as theirs;
Taller than *Miſs*'s by two yards;
Not a ſham thing of clay or cards.
And ſo he did; for in a while
He built up ſuch a monſtrous pile,
That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it ſtands in view,
Juſt in the place where firſt it grew:
There all the little ſchoolboys run,
Envying to ſee themſelves outdone.

From ſuch deep rudiments as theſe,
Van is become by new degrees
For building fam'd, and juſtly reckon'd
At court Vitruvius the *ſecond*:
No wonder, ſince wiſe *authors* ſhow,
That *beſt foundations* muſt be *low*:
And now the *Duke* has wiſely ta'en him
To be his *architect* at Blenheim.

But, raillery for once a part,
If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
Or if his *Grace* were no more ſkill'd in
The art of batt'ring walls than building,
We might expect to ſee next year
A *mouſe-trap* man chief engineer.

THE

VIRTUES OF

SID HAMET

THE MAGICIAN's ROD.

Written in the year 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmleſs wand,
While Moſes held it in his hand;
But, ſoon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring ſerpent grown.
Our great magician Hamet Sid,
Reverſes what the prophet did:
His *rod* was honeſt Engliſh wood,
That ſenſeleſs in a corner ſtood,
Till metamorphos'd by his graſp,
It grew an all-devouring aſp;
Would hiſs and ſting, and roll and twiſt,
By the mere virtue of his fiſt;
But, when he *laid it down*, as quick,
Reſum'd the figure of a ſtick.

So to her midnight-feaſt the hag
Rides on a broomſtick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er ſea and land conveys the witch;
But with the morning-dawn reſumes
The peaceful ſtate of common brooms.
They tell us ſomething ſtrange and odd
About a certain *magic rod.*
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the ſoil has golden mines;
Where there are none, it ſtands erect,
Scorning to ſhew the leaſt reſpect;
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid;
In Scottiſh hills found precious ore,
Where none e'er look'd for it before:
And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
How well a *cully*'s purſe was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken *rake,*
Stood without motion like a ſtake.
The *rod* of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To ſleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
And drive departed ſouls to Styx.
That *rod* was juſt a type of Sid's
Which o'er a Britiſh ſenate's lids
Could ſcatter *opium* full as well,
And drive as many *ſouls* to *hell.*
Sid's rod was ſlender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to *fiſh* withal;
A *plaice* was faſten'd to the hook,
And many ſcore of *gudgeons* took:

Yet ſtill ſo happy was his fate,
He caught his *fiſh*, and ſav'd his *bait*.
Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
A circle with their *rod* deſcribe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep *miſchievous ſpirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger ſtride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where *ſpirits* throng'd with hideous din,
And he ſtood there to *take them in*;
But when th' inchanted *rod* was *broke*,
They vaniſh'd in a ſtinking ſmoke.
Achilles' ſceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near ſo good;
That down from anceſtors divine
Tranſmitted to the hero's line;
Thence, through a long deſcent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer ſings.
Though this deſcription looks ſo big,
That *ſceptre* was a ſapleſs twig,
Which from the fatal day, when firſt
It left the foreſt where 'twas nurs'd,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor bloſſom bore.
Sid's ſceptre, full of juice, did ſhoot
In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
And he, the *dragon*, never ſleeping,
Guarded each fair Heſperian pippin.
No *hobby-horſe*, with gorgeous top,
The deareſt in Charles Mather's ſhop,
Or glitt'ring tinſal of May-fair,
Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou ſo mad
To break thy *rod* like naughty lad!
You ſhould have kiſs'd it in your diſtreſs,
And then return'd it to your *miſtreſs*:
Or made it a Newmarket ſwitch,
And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
But, ſince old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a *rod in piſs*.

THE DESCRIPTION OF A SALAMANDER.

Out of Pliny's Natural Hiſtory, lib. 10. c. 67. and lib. 29. c. 4.

Written in the year 1706.

As maſtiff dogs in modern phraſe are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Caeſar*;
As *pyes* and *daws* are often ſtil'd
With Chriſtian nicknames like a child;
As we ſay *Monſieur* to an *ape*,
Without offence to human ſhape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would beſt their natures ſuit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore.
Beſtow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To ſhew their valour, ſtrength, or wit:

For what is underſtood by *fame*,
Beſides the getting of a *name?*
But ever ſince men invented guns,
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we inquire
For ſomething that will conquer *fire*.
Would you deſcribe Turenne or Trump?
Think of a bucket or a pump.
Are theſe too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cuts a *ſalamander*.
'Tis well;—but ſince we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object againſt the term,
Pliny ſhall prove what we affirm:
Pliny ſhall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by ſtanders by.
  Firſt, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the ſerpent kind,
With gaudy coat, and ſhining train;
But loathſome ſpots his body ſtain:
Out from ſome hole obſcure he flies,
When rains deſcend, and tempeſts riſe,
Till the ſun clears the air; and then
Crawls back neglected to his den.
So, when the war has rais'd a ſtorm,
I've ſeen a *ſnake* in human form,
All ſtain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice,
Burniſh, and make a gaudy ſhow,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the ſky ſerene;
Then ſhrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why then look yonder,
Sure that muſt be a ſalamander!
Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This *ſerpent* is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire:
Beſides, it ſpues a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage, or luſt, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the ſkin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound,
Spreads leproſy and baldneſs round.
So have I ſeen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as ſnow,
Whoſe breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame:
And ſhould ſome nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charlton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She ſoon would find the ſame effects
Her tainted carcaſe to purſue,
As from the *ſalamander*'s ſpue;
A diſmal ſhedding of her locks,
And, if no leproſy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-ſtander,
If this be not a ſalamander?

*VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD LINTOT's New Miſcellany.

SOME Colinæus praiſe, ſome Bleau,
Others account them but ſo ſo;
Some Plantin to the reſt prefer,
And ſome eſteem old Elzever;
Others with Aldus would beſot us;
I, for my part, admire Lintottus—
His character's beyond compare,
Like his own perſon, large and fair.
They print their names in letters ſmall,
But LINTOT ſtands in capital:
Author and he with equal grace
Appear, and ſtare you in the face.
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis ſaid,
Which ſome can't conſtrue, ſome can't read:
But all that comes from Lintot's hand
Even Rawlinſon might underſtand.
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
Of Lintot's books this can't be ſaid,
All fair, and not ſo much as read.
Their copy coſt 'em not a penny
To Homer, Virgil, or to any;

* N. B. Whatever verſes are marked with an aſteriſk * prefixed, are thought not to be Dr Swift's.

They ne'er gave *ſixpence* for *two lines*,
To them, their heirs, or their aſſigns:
But Lintot is at vaſt expence,
And pays prodigious dear for—ſenſe.
Their books are uſeful but to few,
A ſcholar, or a wit or two:
Lintot's for gen'ral uſe are fit;
For ſome folks read, but all folks ſh——

SANDYS'S GHOST.

OR,

A proper new BALLAD on the New OVID's METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be tranſlated by perſons of quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
And pleaſure about town,
Read this, ere you tranſlate one bit
Of books of high renown.

Beware of Latin authors all!
Nor think your verſes Sterling,
Tho' with a golden pen you ſcrawl,
And ſcribble in a *berlin*:

For not the deſk with ſilver nails,
Nor *bureau* of expence,
Nor ſtandiſh well japan'd, avails
To writing of good ſenſe.

Hear how a ghoſt in dead of night,
With ſaucer eyes of fire,
In woful wiſe did ſore affright
A wit and courtly 'ſquire.

Fare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth!
Like puppy tame, that uſes
To fetch and carry in his mouth
The works of all the muſes.

Ah! why did he write poetry,
That hereto was ſo civil;
And ſell his ſoul for vanity
To rhyming and the devil?

A deſk he had of curious work,
With glittering ſtuds about;
Within the ſame did Sandys lurk,
Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he ſcratch'd to fetch up thought,
Forth popp'd the *ſprite* ſo thin,
And from the key-hole bolted out
All upright as a pin.

With whiſkers, band, and pantaloon,
And ruff compos'd moſt duly,
This 'ſquire he dropp'd his pen full ſoon,
While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! Maſter Sam, quoth Sandys' ſprite,
Write on, nor let me ſcare ye;
Forſooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
To Budgel ſeek, or Carey.

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
See firſt the merry P—— comes
In haſte without his garter.

Then lords and lordings, ſquires and knights,
Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
Garth at St James's, and at White's,
Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan,
Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Juſtice Philips' coſtive head
Some frigid rhymes diſburſes;
They ſhall like Perſian Tales be read,
And glad both babes and nurſes.

Let Warwick's muſe with Aſh—t join,
And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
Tickell and Addiſon combine,
And Pope tranſlate with Jervis.

L—— himſelf, that lively lord,
Who bows to every lady,
Shall join with F—— in one accord,
And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye *ladies* too draw forth your pen;
I pray where can the hurt lie?
Since you have brains as well as men,
As witneſs Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonſon, liſt thy forces all,
Review them, and tell noſes:
For to poor Ovid ſhall befal
A ſtrange *metamorphoſis*;

A *metamorphoſis* more ſtrange
Than all his books can vapour——
"To what," (quoth 'ſquire) "ſhall Ovid change?"
Quoth Sandys, *To waſte paper.*

*UMBRA.

CLOSE to the beſt-known author Umbra ſits,
The conſtant index to all Button's wits.
Who's here? cries Umbra: Only Johnſon—*Oh!*
Your ſlave, and *exit*; but returns with Rowe:
Dear Rowe, let's ſit and talk of tragedies:
Ere long Pope *enters*, and to Pope he flies.
Then up comes Steele: He turns upon his *heel*,
And in a moment faſtens upon *Steele*;
But cries as ſoon, *Dear Dick, I muſt be gone*;
For if I know his tread, here's Addiſon.
Says Addiſon to Steele, 'Tis time to go:
Pope to the cloſet ſteps aſide with Rowe.
Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en ſits him down, and writes to honeſt Tickell.
Fool! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam;
Know, ſenſe, like charity, *begins at home.*

DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent new Ballad.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordings proud I tune my lay,
Who feaſt in bow'r or hall:
Tho' Dukes they be, to Dukes I ſay,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this ſame it is right ſooth,
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guiſe,
And Nic. of Lancaſtere.

When Richard Coeur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart,)
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough:
Such honour did them prick;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff;
And if your a—ſe, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your noſe,
At every turn fell to't;
Come near, they trod upon your toes;
They fought from head to foot.

Of theſe the Duke of Lancaſtere
Stood paramount in pride;
He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
His foes, and friends beſide.

Firm on his front his beaver ſate;
So broad, it hid his chin;
For why? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his ſkin.

With Spaniſh wool he dy'd his cheek,
With eſſence oil'd his hair;
No vixen civet-cat ſo ſweet,
Nor could ſo ſcratch and tear.

Right tall he made himſelf to ſhow,
Tho' made full ſhort by God;
And when all other Dukes did bow,
This Duke did only nod.

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnair
To Guiſe's Duke was he:
Was ever ſuch a loving pair?
How could they diſagree?

Oh, thus it was: He lov'd him dear,
And caſt how to requite him;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his deſp'rate quill,
And thus he did indite:
"This eve at whiſk ourſelf will play,
"Sir Duke! be here to night."

Ah no! ah no! the guileleſs Guiſe
Demurely did reply;
I cannot go, nor yet can ſtand,
So ſore the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his ſteeds,
And fiercely drove them on;
Lord! Lord! how rattled then thy ſtones,
O kingly Kenſington!

All in a trice he ruſh'd on Guiſe,
Thruſt out his lady dear;
He tweak'd his noſe, trod on his toes,
And ſmote him on the ear.

But mark, how 'midſt of victory
Fate plays her old dog trick!
Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
And ſo down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic.! oh Nic. alas!
Right did thy goſſip call thee:
As who ſhould ſay, Alas the day
When John of Guiſe ſhall maul thee!

For on thee did he clap his chair,
And on that chair did ſit;
And look'd, as if he meant therein
To do—what was not fit.

Up didſt thou look, oh woeful Duke!
Thy mouth yet durſt not ope,
Certes, for fear of finding there,
A t—d, inſtead of trope.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile! quoth Guiſe;
" No *ſheet* is here to ſave thee:
" The caſement it is ſhut likewiſe;
" Beneath my feet I have thee.

" If thou haſt aught to ſpeak, ſpeak out."
Then Lancaſtere did cry,
" Know'ſt thou not me, nor yet thyſelf?
" Who thou, and who am I?

" Know'ſt thou not me, who (God be prais'd)
" Have brawl'd and quarrell'd more,
" Than all the line of Lancaſtere,
" That battled heretofore?

" In ſenates fam'd for many a ſpeech,
" And (what ſome awe muſt give ye,
" Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,)
" Still of the council privy;

" Still of the *duchy* chancellor;
" *Durante life* I have it;
" And turn, as now thou doſt on me,
" Mine a—ſe on them that gave it."

But now the ſervants they ruſh'd in;
And Duke Nic. up leap'd he:
I will not cope againſt ſuch odds,
But, Guiſe! I'll fight with thee:

To-morrow with thee will I fight
Under the green-wood tree;
" No, not to-morrow, but to-night
(Quoth Guiſe) I'll fight with thee."

And now the ſun declining low
Beſtreak'd with blood the ſkies;
When, with his ſword at ſaddle-bow,
Rode forth the valiant Guiſe!

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;
Oft roll'd his eyes around,
And from the ſtirrup ſtretch'd to find
Who was not to be found.

Long brandiſh'd he the blade in air,
Long look'd the field all o'er:
At length he ſpy'd the merry-men brown,
And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
Did wave his wand ſo white,
As pointing out the gloomy glade
Wherein he meant to fight.

All in that dreadful hour ſo calm
Was Lancaſtere to ſee,
As if he meant to take the air,
Or only take a fee.

And ſo he did—for to New Court
His rowling wheels did run:
Not that he ſhunn'd the doubtful ſtrife,
But *bus'neſs* muſt be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,
He turn'd up thro' the gore;
So ſlunk to Cambden-houſe ſo high,
All in his coach and four.

Mean while Duke Guiſe did fret and fume,
A ſight it was to ſee,
Benumb'd beneath the evening dew
Under the green-wood tree.

Then wet and weary home he far'd,
Sore mutt'ring all the way,
" The day I meet him, Nic. ſhall rue
" The cudgel of that day.

" Mean time on every piſſing-poſt
" Paſte we this recreant's name,
" So that each piſſer-by ſhall read
" And piſs againſt the ſame."

Now God preſerve our gracious King,
And grant, his nobles all
May learn this leſſon from Duke Nic.
That *pride will have a fall.*

ON

Mrs BIDDY FLOYD;

OR,

The RECEIPT to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandſire Jove intreat
To form ſome beauty by a new receipt,
Jove ſent, and found far in a country-ſcene
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look ſerene:
From which ingredients firſt the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the aukward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
Theſe Venus cleans from ev'ry ſpurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his beſt clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy compoſition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs FINCH, afterwards Counteſs of WINCHELSEA, under her name of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHOEBUS, now ſhort'ning ev'ry ſhade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durſt the nymph approach.

Under thoſe ſacred leaves, ſecure
From common lightning of the ſkies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The flaſhes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
And gueſs'd his buſ'neſs ere he ſpoke.

He in the old celeſtial cant
Confeſs'd his flame, and ſwore by Styx
Whate'er ſhe would deſire to grant——
But wiſe Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of ſtrolling gods, whoſe uſual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up ſublunary ladies.

Howe'er, ſhe gave no flat denial,
As having malice in her heart;
And was reſolv'd, upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my requeſt, the virgin ſaid;
Let which I pleaſe of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by paſſion led,
The god could not refuſe her pray'r:
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
Thrice mutter'd ſomething to the air.

And now he thought to ſeize his due:
But ſhe the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's ſide.

On ſight of this celeſtial *prude*,
Apollo thought it vain to ſtay;
Nor in her preſence durſt be rude;
But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find ſome lucky hour,
When on their queen the Muſes wait:
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r;
For vows divine are kept by fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo ſpoke:
Deceitful nymph, I ſee thy art;
And, though I can't my gift revoke,
I'll diſappoint its nobler part.

Let ſtubborn pride poſſeſs thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With ev'ry Muſe to grace thy ſong,
Mayſt thou deſpiſe a poet's name.

Of modeſt poets be thou firſt;
To ſilent ſhades repeat thy verſe,
Till Fame and Echo almoſt burſt,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearſe.

And, laſt, my vengeance to complete,
May you deſcend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a gown.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
(We ſhan't diſpute a year or more):
However, Stella, be not troubled,
Although thy ſize and years are doubled,
Since firſt I ſaw thee at ſixteen,
The brighteſt virgin on the green,
So little is thy form declin'd;
Made up ſo largely in thy mind.
Oh, would it pleaſe the gods to *ſplit*
Thy beauty, ſize, and years, and wit!
No age could furniſh out a pair
Of nymphs ſo graceful, wiſe, and fair;
With half the luſtre of your eyes,
With half your wit, your years, and ſize.
And then, before it grew too late,
How ſhould I beg of gentle fate,
(That either nymph might have her ſwain),
To ſplit my worſhip too in twain.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1720.

ALL travellers at firſt incline
Where'er they ſee the faireſt ſign:
And, if they find the chambers neat,
And like the liquor and the meat,
Will call again, and recommend
The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.
What though the painting grows decay'd?
The houſe will never loſe its trade:
Nay, though the treach'rous tapſter Thomas
Hangs a new angel two doors from us,
As fine as dawbers hands can make it,
In hopes that ſtrangers may miſtake it,
We think it both a ſhame and ſin
To quit the true old Angel-inn.
Now this is Stella's caſe in fact;
An *angel's* face a little crack'd;
(Could poets, or could painters fix
How *angels* look at thirty-ſix):
This drew us in at firſt to find
In ſuch a form an *angel's* mind;
And ev'ry virtue now ſupplies
The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
See at her levee crouded ſwains,
Whom Stella freely entertains
With breeding, humour, wit, and ſenſe;
And puts them but to ſmall expence;
Their mind ſo plentifully fills,
And makes ſuch reaſonable bills,

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives!
And, had her stock been less, no doubt
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
When Doll hangs out a newer face;
Or stop and light at Chloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Chloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken;
Your innuendos, when you tell us,
That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
And let me warn you to believe
A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
That, should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be gray,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face;
Though you, and all your senseless tribe
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold for ever at fifteen;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY;

A great Bottle of Wine, long buried, being that day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verſe to pay,
By duty bound, on Stella's day,
Furniſh'd with paper, pens, and ink,
I gravely ſat me down to think:
I bit my nails, and ſcratch'd my head,
But found my wit and fancy fled:
Or, if with more than uſual pain,
A thought came ſlowly from my brain,
It coſt me Lord knows how much time
To ſhape it into ſenſe and rhyme:
And, what was yet a greater curſe,
Long thinking made my fancy worſe.
Forſaken by th' inſpiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's ſhrine:
I told him what the world would ſay,
If Stella were unſung to-day;
How I ſhould hide my head for ſhame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh———n the rogue would ſneer,
And ſwear it does not always follow,
That *ſemel'n anno ridet Apollo.*
I have aſſur'd them twenty times,
That Phœbus help'd me in my rhymes;

Phœbus inſpir'd me from above,
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me ſo dull and dry ſince,
They'll call it all poetic licence;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
Think Euſden's right as good as mine.
Nor do I aſk for Stella's ſake;
'Tis my own credit lies at ſtake:
And Stella will be ſung, while I
Can only be a ſtander-by.
Apollo, having thought a little,
Return'd this anſwer to a tittle.
Though you ſhould live like old Methuſalem,
I furniſh hints, and you ſhould uſe all 'em,
You yearly ſing as ſhe grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold.
But, to ſay truth, ſuch dulneſs reigns,
Through the whole ſet of Iriſh deans,
I'm daily ſtunn'd with ſuch a medley,
Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
That, let what dean ſoever come,
My orders are, I'm not at home;
And, if your voice had not been loud,
You muſt have paſs'd among the croud.
But now, your danger to prevent,
You muſt apply to Mrs Brent;
For ſhe, as prieſteſs, knows the rites
Wherein the god of *earth* delights.
Firſt, nine ways looking, let her ſtand
With an old pocker in her hand;
Let her deſcribe a circle round
In Saunder's cellar on the ground:

A ſpade let prudent Archy hold,
And with diſcretion dig the mould:
Let Stella look with watchful eye,
Rebecca, Ford, and Grattons by.
Behold the bottle, where it lies
With neck elated tow'rds the ſkies!
The god of winds and god of fire
Did to its wondrous birth conſpire;
And Bacchus for the poet's uſe
Pour'd in a ſtrong inſpiring juice.
See! as you raiſe it from its tomb,
It drags behind a ſpacious womb,
And in the ſpacious womb contains
A ſov'reign med'cine for the brains.
You'll find it ſoon, if fate conſents;
If not, a thouſand Mrs Brents,
Ten thouſand Archys arm'd with ſpades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's ſhades.
From thence a plenteous draught infuſe,
And boldly then invoke the Muſe;
(But firſt let Robert, on his knees;
With caution drain it from the lees);
The Muſe will at your call appear,
With Stella's praiſe to crown the year.

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY, 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
We ſay, ſhe's paſt her dancing-days;
So poets loſe their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather choſe
To celebrate your birth in proſe:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old houſe-keeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better:
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid diſgrace,
Once more the Dean ſupplies their place.
Beauty and wit, too ſad a truth!
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and ſhe fifteen.
No poet ever ſweetly ſung,
Unleſs he were, like Phœbus, young;
Nor ever nymph inſpir'd to rhyme,
Unleſs, like Venus, in her prime.
At fifty-ſix, if this be true,
Am I a poet fit for you?
Or, at the age of forty-three,
Are you a ſubject fit for me?
Adieu! bright wit and radiant eyes,
You muſt be grave, and I be wiſe.

Our fate in vain we would oppoſe:
But I'll be ſtill your friend in proſe:
Eſteem and friendſhip to expreſs,
Will not require poetic dreſs;
And if the Muſe deny her aid
To have them *ſung*, they may be *ſaid*.

But, Stella, ſay, what evil tongue
Reports you are no longer young;
That *Time* ſits with his ſithe to mow
Where erſt ſat Cupid with his bow;
That half your locks are turn'd to gray;
I'll ne'er believe a word they ſay.
'Tis true, but let it not be known,
My eyes are ſomewhat dimiſh grown:
For nature, always in the right,
To your decays adapts my ſight;
And wrinkles undiſtinguiſhed paſs,
For I'm aſham'd to uſe a glaſs;
And till I ſee them with theſe eyes,
Whoever ſays you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
Honour and virtue, ſenſe and wit:
That you may ſtill be young to me,
While I can better *hear* than *ſee*,
Oh, ne'er may fortune ſhew her ſpight,
To make me deaf, and mend my *ſight*!

STELLA's BIRTH-DAY,
March 13. 1726.

THIS-day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall ſtill be kept with joy by me:
This day then let us not be told,
That you are ſick, and I grown old;
Nor think on our approaching ills,
And talk of ſpectacles and pills:
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear ſuch mortifying ſtuff.
Yet ſince from reaſon may be brought
A better and more pleaſing thought,
Which can, in ſpite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the graveſt of divines
Accept for once ſome ſerious lines.
Altho' we now can form no more
Long ſchemes of life as heretofore;
Yet you, while time is running faſt,
Can look with joy on what is paſt.
Were future happineſs and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain,
As Atheiſts argue, to entice
And fit their proſelytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propoſe,
To have companions in their woes:)

Grant this the caſe; yet ſure 'tis hard
That virtue, ſtyl'd its own reward,
And by all ſages underſtood
To be the chief of human good,
Should acting die, nor leave behind
Some laſting pleaſure in the mind,
Which by remembrance will aſſuage
Grief, ſickneſs, poverty, and age,
And ſtrongly ſhoot a radiant dart
To ſhine thro' life's declining part.
Say, Stella, feel you no content,
Reflecting on a life well ſpent?
Your ſkilful hand employ'd to ſave
Deſpairing wretches from the grave;
And then ſupporting with your ſtore
Thoſe whom you dragg'd from death before:
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preſerving what it firſt creates:
Your gen'rous boldneſs to defend
An innocent and abſent friend;
That courage which can make you juſt
To merit humbled in the duſt;
The deteſtation you expreſs
For vice in all its glitt'ring dreſs;
That patience under tott'ring pain,
Where ſtubborn Stoics would complain:
Muſt theſe like empty ſhadows paſs,
Or forms reflected from a glaſs?
Or mere chimaeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind?
Does not the body thrive and grow
By food of twenty years ago?

And had it not been ſtill ſupply'd,
It muſt a thouſand times have dy'd.
Then who with reaſon can maintain
That no effects of food remain?
And is not virtue in mankind
The nutriment that feeds the mind;
Upheld by each good action paſt,
And ſtill continu'd by the laſt?
Then, who with reaſon can pretend
That all effects of virtue end?
Believe me, Stella, when you ſhow
That true contempt for things below,
Nor prize your life for other ends
Than merely to oblige your friends,
Your former actions claim their part,
And join to fortify your heart.
For virtue in her daily race,
Like Janus, bears a double face;
Looks back with joy where ſhe has gone,
And therefore goes with courage on.
She at your ſickly couch will wait,
And guide you to a better ſtate.
O then, whatever Heaven intends,
Take pity on your pitying friends!
Nor let your ills affect your mind,
To fancy they can be unkind.
Me, ſurely me, you ought to ſpare,
Who gladly would your ſuff'ring ſhare;
Or give my ſcrap of life to you,
And think it far beneath your due;
You, to whoſe care ſo oft I owe
That I'm alive to tell you ſo.

*BALLAD.

OF all the girls that e'er was ſeen,
There's none ſo fine as Nelly,
For charming face, and ſhape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.
Oh! the turn'd neck and ſmooth white ſkin
Of lovely deareſt Nelly!
For many a ſwain it well had been,
Had ſhe ne'er paſs'd by Calai.

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her couſins,)
Acroſs the Tuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.
The King, as he at dinner ſat,
Did beckon to his *huſſar*,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat,
For charming Nell to buſs her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To ſee her ſo reſpected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly ſtrok'd,
And puſs her tail erected.
But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly:
Then ſaid the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle eſt bien jolie!

But who's that grave philoſopher
That carefully looks at'er?
By his concern it ſhould appear,
The fair one is his daughter.
Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier ſly,)
He on his child does leer too:
I wiſh he has no mind to try
What ſome pappas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
Broke out in Nelly's praiſes,
Admir'd her *roſe*, and *lys ſans farde*,
(Which are your *termes Francoiſes*.)
Then might you ſee a painted ring
Of dames that ſtood by Nelly;
She like the pride of all the ſpring,
And they like *fleurs de palais*.

In Marli's gardens, and St Clou,
I ſaw this charming Nelly,
Where ſhameleſs nymphs, expos'd to view,
Stand naked in each *alley*:
But Venus had a brazen face,
Both at Verſailles and Meudon,
Or elſe ſhe had reſign'd her place,
And left the ſtone ſhe ſtood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
'Twould put down all th' Italian:
Lord! how thoſe foreigners would ſtare!
But I ſhould turn Pygmalion:

For ſpite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
Me nothing can delight ſo,
As does that part that lies between
Her left toe and her right toe.

* ODE for MUSIC,

ON THE

LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* miſs'd on
By wicked Will. Whiſton;
And not better hit on
By good Maſter Ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiſton
May both be bep-ſt on;
And Whiſton and Ditton
May both be beſh-t on.
Sing Ditton
Beſh-t on;
And Whiſton,
Bep-ſt on.
Sing Ditton and Whiſton,
And Whiſton and Ditton,
Beſh-t and bep-ſt on,
Bep-ſt and beſh-t on.

DA CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the feuds about HANDEL and BONONCINI,

STRANGE! all this difference ſhould be
'Twixt tweedle-*dum* and tweedle-*dee*!

* A new SONG of new SIMILIES.

MY paſſion is as muſtard ſtrong;
I ſit all ſober ſad,
Drunk as a piper all day long,
Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow;
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For, tho' as drunk as David's ſow,
I love her ſtill the better.

Pert as a pear-monger, I'd be,
If Molly were but kind;
Cool as a cucumber could ſee
The reſt of womankind.

Like a ſtuck pig I gaping ſtare,
And eye her o'er and o'er;
Lean as a rake with ſighs and care,
Sleek as a mouſe before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
And ſoft as ſilk my ſkin;
My cheeks as fat as butter grown;
But as a groat now thin!

I melancholy as a cat
Am kept awake to weep;
But ſhe, inſenſible of that,
Sound as a top can ſleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or ſtone;
She laughs to ſee me pale,
And merry as a grig is grown,
And briſk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is buſy as a bee!
Hearts ſound as any bell or roach
Are ſmit, and ſigh like me.

Ay me! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her:
But ſoon as dead as a door-nail
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her ſhape appears;
O were we join'd together!
My heart would be ſcot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather.

As fine as fivepence is her mien;
No drum was ever tighter;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the ſun is brighter.

As ſoft as pap her kiſſes are;
Methinks I taſte them yet;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As ſmooth as glaſs, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites:
Sharp as a needle are her words;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Briſk as a body-louſe ſhe trips,
Clean as a penny dreſt;
Sweet as a roſe her breath and lips,
Round as the globe her breaſt.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king!
Good Lord! how all men envy'd me!
She lov'd like any thing.

But falſe as hell, ſhe, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her ſex muſt do;
Tho' ſeeming as the turtle kind,
And like the goſpel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who would take Peru!
Great as an emp'ror ſhould I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any poſt:
Let us like burs together ſtick,
And warm as any toaſt.

You'll know me truer than a dye,
And wiſh me better ſpeed,
Flat as a flounder when I lie,
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun ſhe'll drop a tear,
And ſigh perhaps, and wiſh,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fiſh.

*NEWGATE's GARLAND.

Being a new ballad, ſhewing how Mr Jonathan Wild's throat was cut from ear to ear with a penknife by Mr Blake, alias Blueſkin, the bold highwaymen, as he ſtood at his trial in the Old Bailey, 1725.

To the tune of *The cut purſe.*

I.

YE gallants of Newgate, whoſe fingers are niee
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye ſharpers ſo rich, who can buy off the nooſe;
Ye honeſter poor rogues, who die in your ſhoes,
Attend and draw near,
Good news ye ſhall hear,
How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

II.

When to the Old Bailey this Blueſkin was led,
He held up his hand; his indictment was read;
Loud rattled his chains; near him Jonathan ſtood;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.
Then, hopeleſs of life,
He drew his penknife,
And made a ſad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief ſhall appeaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

III.

Some ſay there are courtiers of higheſt renown,
Who ſteal the King's gold, and leave him but a *crown*:
Some ſay there are peers, and ſome parliament-men,
Who meet once a-year to rob courtiers agen.
Let them all take their ſwing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, inſtead of a ſtring.
Now Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning inventions,
Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies penſions;
Phyſicians and lawyers (who take their degrees
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.
Since this happy day
Now ev'ry man may
Rob (as ſafe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

V.

Some cheat in the cuſtoms, ſome rob the exciſe;
But he who robs both is eſteemed moſt wiſe.
Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to ſteal from the altar.
But now to get gold,
They may be more bold,
And rob on the highway, ſince Jonathan's cold:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet you at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VI.

Some by public revenues, which paſs'd thro' their hands,
Have purchas'd clean houſes, and bought dirty lands:
Some to ſteal from a charity think it no ſin,
Which at home (ſays the proverb) does always begin.
But, if ever you be
Aſſign'd the truſtee,
Treat not orphans like maſters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honeſtly ſeize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his braſs;
Who would modeſtly make a few halfpennies paſs!
The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomede changed his copper for gold:
But, if Ireland deſpiſe
The new halfpennies,
With more ſafety to rob on the road I adviſe:
For Blueſkin's ſharp penknife hath ſet thee at eaſe;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he pleaſe.

PHYLLIS;

OR,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DEſponding Phyllis was endow'd
With ev'ry talent of a prude:
She trembled when a man drew near:
Salute her, and ſhe turn'd her ear;
If o'er againſt her you were plac'd,
She durſt not look above your waiſt:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you ſee her dreſs her head:
In church you hear her, thro' the croud,
Repeat the *abſolution* loud:
In church, ſecure behind her fan,
She durſt behold that monſter *man*;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bit her lips to make them red;
Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling.
And heave her boſom unaware,
For neighb'ring beaux to ſee it bare.

At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppoſe all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring beſpoke:
Gueſs, how could ſuch a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliſs in!
Next morn by times the bride was miſſing:
The mother ſcream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phil! the bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had ſkulk'd for ſhame;
Becauſe her father us'd to ſay,
The girl *had ſuch a baſhful way.*

Now John the butler muſt be ſent
To learn the road that Phyllis went.
The groom was wiſh'd to ſaddle Crop;
For John muſt neither light nor ſtop,
But find her, whereſoe'er ſhe fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do;
For truly John was miſſing too:
The horſe and pilion both were gone!
Phyllis, it ſeems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilet ſees,
To my much honour'd father—theſe,
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows,)
Fill'd with the choiceſt common-places,
By others us'd in the like caſes.

" That long ago a *fortune-teller*
" Exactly ſaid what now befel her;
" And in a *glaſs* had made her ſee
" A *ſerving man of low degree.*
" It was her *fate*, muſt be forgiven;
" For *marriages were made in heav'n*:
" His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
" She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again*:
" Thank'd God, 'twas *neither ſhame nor ſin*;
" For John was come of *honeſt kin.*
" Love never thinks of rich and poor:
" *She'd beg with John from door to door.*
" Forgive her, if it be a crime;
" She'll ne'er do't *another time.*
" She ne'er before in all her life
" Once diſobey'd him, *maid nor wife.*
" One argument ſhe ſumm'd up all in,
" The *thing was done, and paſt recalling*;
" And therefore hop'd ſhe ſhould recover
" His favour, when his *paſſion's over.*
" She valu'd not what others thought her,
" And was—his *moſt obedient daughter.*"

Fair maidens, all attend the muſe,
Who now the wand'ring pair purſues:
Away they rode in homely ſort,
Their journey long, their money ſhort;
The loving couple well bemir'd;
The horſe and both the riders tir'd:
Their victuals bad, their lodging worſe;
Phil cry'd, and John began to curſe:
Phil wiſh'd, that ſhe had ſtrain'd a limb,
When firſt ſhe ventur'd out with him;

John wiſh'd, that he had broke a leg,
When firſt for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befell 'em,
The muſe hath now no time to tell 'em,
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phyllis all her trinkets pawn'd:
How oft ſhe broke her marriage-vows
In kindneſs to maintain her ſpouſe,
Till ſwains unwholeſome ſpoil'd the trade;
For now the ſurgeons muſt be paid,
To whom thoſe perquiſites are gone,
In Chriſtian juſtice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew ſcarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic juſtice;
For John was landlord, Phyllis hoſteſs:
They keep, at Staines, the old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

PETHOX THE GREAT.

Written in the year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty ſhows;
But who thy father, no man knows:
Nor can the ſkilful herald trace
The founder of thy antient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Diſcovers Vulcan for thy ſire;
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin ſing'd the ſoil,
From whence, philoſophers agree,
An equal pow'r deſcends to thee:
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high deſcent from whence you came;
And, as a proof, ſhew num'rous ſcars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Thoſe honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and *all before*;

And ſtill the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent:
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighb'ring Gaul deſcend;
Or from Parthenope, the proud,
Where numberleſs thy vot'ries croud:
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Veſputio's name;
For ſo conject'rers would obtrude,
And from thy painted ſkin conclude:
Whether, as Epicurus ſhows,
The world from juſtling ſeeds aroſe,
Which, mingling with prolific ſtrife
In chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the ſame,
And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with ſparkling rubies round:
Beneath thy decent ſteps the road
Is all with precious jewels ſtrow'd.
The bird of Pallas knows his poſt,
Thee to attend, where'er thou go'ſt.

Byzantians boaſt, that on the clod,
Where once their *Sultan's* horſe hath trod,
Grows neither graſs, nor ſhrub, nor tree:
The ſame thy ſubjects boaſt of thee.

The greateſt lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours ſeen
Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

With half a word, when you require,
The man of bus'neſs muſt retire.

The haughty miniſter of ſtate
With trembling muſt thy leiſure wait;
And, while his fate is in thy hands,
The bus'neſs of the nation ſtands.
Thou dar'ſt the greateſt prince attack,
Canſt hourly ſet him on the rack,
And, as an inſtance of thy pow'r,
Incloſe him in a wooden tow'r,
With pungent pains on ev'ry ſide:
So Regulus in torments dy'd.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to diſcern;
And well thy ſcholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills ſupports;
And ſecrecy, the art of courts.
The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or ſpell;
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race!
In whom thy features, ſhape, and mien
Are to the life diſtinctly ſeen.
The Britons, once a ſavage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Deſcendents of the barb'rous Huns,
With limbs robuſt, and voice that ſtuns:
But you have molded them afreſh,
Remov'd the tough ſuperfluous fleſh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And ſpeak without the help of lungs.

Proteus on you beſtow'd the boon
To change your viſage like the moon:
You ſometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private uſe.
How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, ſon of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompaſs'd round,
You ſtrove for ev'ry inch of ground;
Then, by a ſoldierly retreat,
Retir'd to your imperial ſeat.
The victor, when your ſteps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waſte:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chaſm profound as hell:
You, in your capital ſecur'd,
A ſiege as long as Troy endur'd.

TO
STELLA,

Who collected and tranſcribed his POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones,
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So, if this pile of ſcatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleaſes and endures,
The merit and the praiſe are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When firſt for thee my harp I ſtrung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendſhip and eſteem poſſeſt,
I ne'er admitted love a gueſt.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the miſtreſs, and the wife,
Variety we ſtill purſue,
In pleaſure ſeek for ſomething new;
Or elſe, comparing with the reſt,
Take comfort, that our own is beſt;
The beſt we value by the worſt,
(As tradeſmen ſhew their traſh at firſt):

But his purſuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chuſes for a *friend*.

A poet ſtarving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,
Invokes his miſtreſs and his muſe,
And ſtays at home for want of ſhoes:
Should but his muſe, deſcending, drop
A ſlice of bread, and mutton-chop;
Or kindly, when his credit's out,
Surpriſe him with a pint of ſtout;
Or patch his broken ſtocking-ſoals,
Or ſend him in a peck of coals;
Exalted in his mighty mind,
He flies, and leaves the ſtars behind;
Counts all his labours amply paid,
Adores her for her timely aid.

Or, ſhould a porter make inquiries,
For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris,
Be told the lodging, lane, and ſign,
The bow'rs that hold thoſe nymphs divine;
Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
With footmen tippling under ground;
The charming Sylvia beating flax,
Her ſhoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
Bright Phyllis mending ragged ſmocks;
And radiant Iris in the pox.

Theſe are the goddeſſes inroll'd
In Curl's collection, new and old,
Whoſe ſcoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
If they ſhould meet them in a poem.

True poets can depreſs and raiſe,
Are lords of infamy and praiſe;

They are not ſcurrilous in ſatire,
Nor will in panegyric flatter.
Unjuſtly poets we aſperſe;
Truth ſhines the brighter clad in verſe;
And all the fictions they purſue,
Do but inſinuate what is true.

Now, ſhould my praiſes owe their truth
To beauty, dreſs, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be inſur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual ſtock,
That muſt our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant ſhoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verſes bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing.

So Maevius, when he drain'd his ſkull
To celebrate ſome ſuburb trull,
His ſimilies in order ſet,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone through all the common places
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem cloſe,
The lovely nymph had loſt her noſe.

Your virtues ſafely I commend;
They on no accidents depend:
Let malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not ſay the poet lies.

Stella, when you theſe lines tranſcribe,
Leſt you ſhould take them for a bribe,
Reſolv'd to mortify your pride,
I'll here expoſe your weaker ſide.

Your ſpirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lighteſt touch of blame;
And when a friend in kindneſs tries
To ſhew you where your error lies,
Conviction does but more incenſe;
Perverſeneſs is your whole defence;
Truth, judgment, wit, give place to ſpight,
Regardleſs both of wrong and right;
Your virtues all ſuſpended wait
Till time hath open'd reaſon's gate;
And, what is worſe, your paſſion bends
Its force againſt your neareſt friends;
Which manners, decency, and pride
Have taught you from the world to hide:
In vain; for ſee, your friend hath brought
To public light your only fault;
And yet a fault we often find
Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
And may compare to Ætna's fire,
Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
The heat that makes the ſummit glow,
Enriching all the vales below.
Thoſe who in warmer climes complain
From Phœbus' rays they ſuffer pain,
Muſt own, that pain is largely paid
By gen'rous wines beneath a ſhade.
Yet, when I find your paſſions riſe,
And anger ſparkling in your eyes,
I grieve thoſe ſpirits ſhould be ſpent,
For nobler ends by nature meant.
One paſſion with a diff'rent turn
Makes wit enflame, or anger burn.

So the ſun's heat with diff rent pow'rs
Ripens the grape, the liquor ſours.
Thus Ajax, when with rage poſſeſt
By Pallas breath'd into his breaſt,
His valour would no more employ,
Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
But, blinded by reſentment, ſeeks
For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks.
You think this turbulence of blood
From ſtagnating preſerves the flood,
Which thus fermenting, by degrees
Exalts the ſpirits, ſinks the lees.
Stella, for once you reaſon wrong;
For, ſhould this ferment laſt too long,
By time ſubſiding, you may find
Nothing but acid left behind:
From paſſion you may then be freed,
When peeviſhneſs and ſpleen ſucceed.
Say, Stella, when you copy next,
Will you keep ſtrictly to the text?
Dare you let theſe reproaches ſtand,
And to your failing ſet your hand?
Or, if theſe lines your anger fire,
Shall they in baſer flames expire?
Whene'er they burn, if burn they muſt,
They'll prove my accuſation juſt.

*STELLA

TO

DR SWIFT.

On his birth-day, Nov. 30. 1721.

ST Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
My early and my only guide,
Let me among the reſt attend,
Your pupil and your humble friend,
To celebrate in female ſtrains
The day that paid your mother's pains;
Deſcend to take that tribute due
In gratitude alone to you.
When men began to call me fair,
You interpos'd your timely care;
You early taught me to deſpiſe
The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
Shew'd where my judgment was miſplac'd;
Refin'd my fancy and my taſte.
Behold that beauty juſt decay'd,
Invoking art to nature's aid;

Forſook by her admiring train,
She ſpreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
Short was her part upon the ſtage;
Went ſmoothly on for half a page;
Her bloom was gone, ſhe wanted art,
As the ſcene chang'd, to change her part:
She, whom no lover could reſiſt,
Before the ſecond act was hiſs'd.
Such is the fate of female race
With no endowments but a face;
Before the thirtieth year of life,
A maid forlorn, or hated wife.
Stella to you, her tutor, owes
That ſhe has ne'er reſembled thoſe;
Nor was a burden to mankind
With half her courſe of years behind.
You taught how I might youth prolong,
By knowing what was right and wrong;
How from my heart to bring ſupplies
Of luſtre to my fading eyes;
How ſoon a beauteous mind repairs
The loſs of chang'd or falling hairs;
How wit and virtue from within
Send out a ſmoothneſs o'er the ſkin:
Your lectures could my fancy fix;
And I can pleaſe at thirty-ſix,
The ſight of Chloe at fifteen
Coquetting, gives not me the ſpleen;
The idol now of every fool
Till time ſhall make their paſſions cool;
Then tumbling down time's ſteepy hill,
While Stella holds her ſtation ſtill.

Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
Redeem the women's ruin'd cauſe,
Retrieve loſt empire to our ſex,
That men may bow their rebel necks.
Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendſhip, wit, and mirth;
Late dying may you caſt a ſhred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my ſorrow,
One day *alone*, *then die to-morrow*.

THE

JOURNAL

OF A

MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

IT was a moſt unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female commonweal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Againſt the ſex to write a ſatire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all ſo fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to ſing,
Since firſt I learn'd to tune a ſtring?
Methinks I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character bely?
Muſt never our misfortunes end?
And have we loſt our only friend?

Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
No more let fall thoſe precious tears.
Sooner ſhall, &c.
[*Here ſeveral verſes are omitted.*]
The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.
'Twas you engag'd me firſt to write,
Then gave the ſubject out of ſpite:
The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promiſe what you claim.
My word is paſt, I muſt ſubmit;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but tranſcribe; for not a line.
Of all the ſatire ſhall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes
The common ſlanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence ſecures.
Unwilling muſe, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day.
By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we ſhall ſhew you in the ſequel,)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors ſay, not quite ſo ſoon,)
Becauſe, tho' ſore againſt her will,
She ſat all night up at Quadrille.
She ſtretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And aſks if it be time to riſe;
Of headach and the ſpleen complains;
And then to cool her heated brains,
Her night-gown and her ſlippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water.

Then to her glaſs; and, " Betty, pray
" Don't I look frightfully to-day ?
" But was it not confounded hard ?
" Well, if I ever touch a card ?
" Four *mattadores*, and loſe *codill !*
" Depend upon't, I never will.
" But run to Tom, and bid him fix
" The ladies here to-night by ſix."
Madam, the goldſmith waits below;
He ſays his bus'neſs is to know
If you'll redeem the ſilver cup
He keeps in pawn ?—" Why, ſhew him up."
Your dreſſing-plate he'll be content
To take, for int'reſt *cent. per cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath ſent this letter by her maid.
" Well, I remember what ſhe won :
" And hath ſhe ſent ſo ſoon to dun ?
" Here, carry down thoſe ten piſtoles
" My huſband left to pay for coals :
" I thank my ſtars, they all are light;
" And I may have revenge to-night."
Now, loit'ring o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her uſual theme;
Her laſt night's ill ſucceſs repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats :
" She ſlipt Spadillo in her breaſt,
" Then thought to turn it to a jeſt :
" There's Mrs Cut and ſhe combine,
" And to each other give the ſign."
Thro' every game purſues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

Now to another ſcene give place:
Enter the folks with ſilks and lace:
Freſh matter for a world of chat,
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that:
Obſerve this pattern; there's a ſtuff;
I can have cuſtomers enough.
Dear Madam, you are grown ſo hard——
This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard:
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never ſold ſo cheap a fan.
This bus'neſs of importance o'er,
And Madam almoſt dreſs'd by four,
The footman, in his uſual phraſe,
Comes up with, Madam, dinner ſtays.
She anſwers in her uſual ſtyle,
The cook muſt keep it back a while:
I never can have time to dreſs;
No woman breathing takes up leſs;
I'm hurried ſo, it makes me ſick;
I wiſh the dinner at Old Nick.
At table now ſhe acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart:
" I thought we were to dine alone,
" My dear; for ſure, if I had known
" This company would come to-day—
" But really 'tis my ſpouſe's way;
" He's ſo unkind, he never ſends
" To tell when he invites his friends:
" I wiſh ye may but have enough."
And while with all this paltry ſtuff
She ſits tormenting every gueſt,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's reſt,

In phraſes batter'd, ſtale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite;
You ſee the booby huſband ſit
In admiration at her wit!
But, let me now a while ſurvey
Our Madam o'er her evening-tea;
Surrounded with her noiſy clans
Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clam'rous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Diſcretion left the place,
And Modeſty with bluſhing face:
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal ever gaping wide,
Hypocriſy with frown ſevere,
Scurrility with gibing air;
Rude Laughter ſeeming like to burſt,
And Malice always judging worſt;
And Vanity with pocket-glaſs,
And impudence with front of braſs;
And ſtudy'd Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame;
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hov'ring o'er each female head.
Why ſhould I aſk of thee, my muſe,
An hundred tongues, as poets uſe,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thouſand were too few?
Or, how ſhould I, alas, relate
The ſum of all their ſenſeleſs prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and ſlanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?

Now comes the general ſcandal-charge;
What ſome invent, the reſt enlarge;
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I muſt conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."
Say, fooliſh females, bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices moſt ſevere,
Wherein yourſelves have greateſt ſhare?
Thus every fool herſelf deludes;
The prudes condemn the abſent prudes:
Mopſa, who ſtinks her ſpouſe to death,
Accuſes Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with ſweat, preſumes
To cenſure Phyllis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia ſneering ſays,
That Florimel wears iron ſtays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women ſhould be ſuch coquets:
Iris, for ſcandal moſt notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is ſo cenſorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whiſpers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whoſe tongue you hear a mile hence,
Talks half a day in praiſe of ſilence:
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
Now voices over voices riſe,
While each to be the loudeſt vies;

They contradict, affirm, diſpute,
No ſingle tongue one moment mute;
All mad to ſpeak, and none to hearken,
They ſet the very lap-dog barking;
Their chatt'ring makes a louder din
Than fiſhwives o'er a cup of gin:
Not ſchoolboys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever ſuch inceſſant rout:
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not ſuch a clatter;
Far leſs the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they truſt their tongue alone,
But ſpeak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a ſhrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down:
Or, by the toſſing of the fan,
Deſcribe the lady and the man.

But ſee, the female club diſbands,
Each twenty viſits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam ſits
In vapours and hyſteric fits:
"And was not Tom this morning ſent?
"I'd lay my life he never went:
"Paſt ſix, and not a living ſoul!
"I might by this have won a vole."
A dreadful interval of ſpleen!
How ſhall we paſs the time between?
"Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
"And feel my pulſe, I know it ſtops:

" This head of mine, Lord, how it ſwims!
" And ſuch a pain in all my limbs!"
Dear Madam, try to take a nap—
But now they hear a footman's rap:
" Go run, and light the ladies up:
" It muſt be one before we ſup."
The table, cards, and counters ſet,
And all the gameſter ladies met,
Her ſpleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can ſit up all night;
" Whoever comes, I'm not within."——
Quadrille's the word, and ſo begin.
How can the muſe her aid impart,
Unſkill'd in all the terms of art?
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the ſhuffle, and the cut?
The ſuperſtitious whims relate,
That fill a female gameſter's pate?
What agony of ſoul ſhe feels
To ſee a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card to find
Good fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart, and earneſt eyes,
In hope to ſee *Spadillo riſe*:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and ſees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her ſnuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with ſome new fancy ſtruck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
" This morning, when the *parſon* came,
" I ſaid I ſhould not win a game.

" This odious chair, how came I ſtuck in't?
" I think I never had good luck in't.
" I'm ſo uneaſy in my ſtays;
" Your fan a moment, if you pleaſe.
" Stand further, girl, or get you gone;
" I always loſe when you look on."
Lord! Madam, you have loſt codill:
I never ſaw you play ſo ill.
" Nay, Madam, give me leave to ſay,
" 'Twas you that threw the game away;
" When Lady Trickſey play'd a four,
" You took it with a mattadore;
" I ſaw you touch your wedding-ring
" Before my Lady call'd, A King;
" You ſpoke a word began with H,
" And I know whom you meant to teach,
" Becauſe you held the king of hearts;
" Fie, Madam, leave theſe little arts."
That's not ſo bad as one that rubs
Her chair, to call the king of clubs,
And makes her partner underſtand
A mattadore is in her hand.
" Madam, you have no cauſe to flounce,
" I ſwear I ſaw you thrice renounce."
And truly, Madam, I know when
Inſtead of five, you ſcor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark;
A child may know it in the dark;
I gueſs the hand; it ſeldom fails:
I wiſh ſome folks would pare their nails.
While thus they rail, and ſcold, and ſtorm,
It paſſes but for common form:

And, conſcious that they all ſpeak true,
And give each other but their due,
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them ſenſible of ſhame.
The time too precious now to waſte,
And ſupper gobbled up in haſte,
Again afreſh to cards they run,
As if they had but juſt begun.
Yet ſhall I not again repeat
How oft they ſquabble, ſnarl, and cheat.
At laſt they hear the watchman knock,
A froſty morn—paſt four o'clock.
The chairmen are not to be found,
" Come, let us play the other round."
Now, all in haſte they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
But firſt the winner muſt invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now againſt quadrille forſwears),
With empty purſe, and aching head,
Steals to her ſleeping ſpouſe to bed.

THE

COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer ſpent at the houſe of GEORGE ROCHFORT, Eſq;

Written in the year 1723.

THALIA, tell in ſober lays,
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean paſs their days.
Begin, my Muſe. Firſt from our bow'rs
We ſally forth at diff'rent hours;
At ſev'n the Dean, in night-gown dreſt,
Goes round the houſe to wake the reſt;
At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kiſſes George, and ends our lectures;
And when ſhe has him by the neck faſt,
Hawls him, and ſcolds us down to breakfaſt.
We ſquander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by peculiar whimſies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for ſpawn;

O'erſees the work, or Dragon rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hoſe;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all:
From the four elements aſſembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks came trembling:
From airy garrets ſome deſcend,
Some from the lake's remoteſt end:
My Lord and Dean the fire forſake,
Dan leaves the earthly ſpade and rake:
The loit'rers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty ſoundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done;
With church and king the Lady's gone;
(Not reck'ning half an hour we paſs
In talking o'er a mod'rate glaſs).
Dan, growing drowſy, like a thief
Steals off to doſe away his beef;
And this muſt paſs for reading Hammond—
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean ſet out at four,
And then again, boys, to the oar.
But when the ſun goes to the deep,
(Not to diſturb him in his ſleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed),
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
Now ſtinted in the ſhort'ning day,
We go to pray'rs, and then to play,
Till ſupper comes; and after that
We ſit an hour to drink and chat.

'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them;
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe,
To tell what every ſchoolboy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
But now there need no more be ſaid on't,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;

Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers, and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
"Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
"Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
"And in a month he's at your gates;
"Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
"By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem. and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:

'Tis late—the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up ſtairs.
The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
And Nim and Dan to garret clamber.
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.
I might have mention'd ſeveral facts,
Like epiſodes between the acts;
And tell who loſes and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his ſhins;
How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overſet.
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How ſteady in the ſtorm he ſat,
And ſav'd his oar, but loſt his hat:
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares, when he can catch them:
How ſkilfully Dan mends his nets;
How fortune fails him when he ſets:
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, or lampoon the ſex:
Or how our neighbour lifts his noſe,
To tell what every ſchoolboy knows;
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, ſtrikes oppoſers dumb:
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
But now there need no more be ſaid on't,
Shews all her ſecrets of houſe-keeping;
For candles how ſhe trucks her dripping;

Was forc'd to ſend three miles for yeſt,
To brew her ale, and raiſe her paſte;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How ſhe cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the meaſles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weaſels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.
But now, ſince I have gone ſo far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron;
And tell how little weight he ſets
On all Whig papers, and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue,
Thinks every ſyllable is true.
And ſince he owns the king of Sweden
Is dead at laſt, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
"Why, Muſcovy is not ſo far:
"Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
"And in a month he's at your gates;
"Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
"By Chriſtmas we ſhall ſee ſtrange things."
Why ſhould I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of ſparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choak the girls, and to conſume a rabble?
But you, who are a ſcholar, know
How tranſient all things are below,
How prone to change is human life!
Laſt night arriv'd Clem. and his wife—
This grand event hath broke our meaſures;
Their reign began with cruel ſeizures:

The Dean muſt with his quilt ſupply
The bed in which thoſe tyrants lie:
Nim loſt his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My Lady ſays ſhe can't afford one);
George is half ſcar'd out of his wits,
For Clem. gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a diff'rent ſurvey,
This houſe will ſoon turn topſy-turvey:
They talk of further alterations,
Which cauſes many ſpeculations.

MARY THE COOK-MAID's LETTER

TO

DR SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I ſaw ſuch another man ſince my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.
I am ſure ſuch words do not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give ſuch language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my maſter a knave: Fie, Mr Sheridan! 'tis a ſhame
For a parſon, who ſhould know better things, to come out with ſuch a name.
Knave in your teeth, Mr Sheridan! 'tis both a ſhame and a ſin;
And the Dean my maſter is an honeſter man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodneſs in his little finger, than you have in your whole body:
My maſter is a perſonable man, and not a ſpindle-ſhank'd hoddy-doddy.

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuſe,
Becauſe my maſter one day, in anger, call'd you gooſe;
Which, and I am ſure, I have been his ſervant four years ſince October,
And he never call'd me worſe than ſweet-heart, drunk or ſober:
Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out ſo late in your wicked college.
You ſay you will eat graſs on his grave: A Chriſtian eat graſs!
Whereby you now confeſs yourſelf to be a gooſe or an aſs:
But that's as much as to ſay, that my maſter ſhould die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleaſes; and I don't believe that's a true ſtory:
And ſo ſay I told you ſo, and you may go tell my maſter; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and ſhame the devil.
I am but a poor ſervant, but I think gentlefolks ſhould be civil.
Beſides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tueſday, of all days in the year.
And Saunders the man ſays you are always jeſting and mocking:
Mary, ſaid he, (one day as I was mending my maſter's ſtocking),

My maſter is ſo fond of that miniſter that keeps the ſchool—
I thought my maſter a wiſe man, but that man makes him a fool.
Saunders, ſaid I, I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a diſhclout to his tail.
And now I muſt go, and get Saunders to direct this letter;
For I write but a ſad ſcrawl; but my ſiſter Marget, ſhe writes better.
Well, but I muſt run and make the bed, before my maſter comes from prayers;
And ſee now, it ſtrikes ten, and I hear him coming up ſtairs:
Whereof I could ſay more to your verſes, if I could write written hand:
And ſo I remain, in a civil way, your ſervant to command.

MARY.

DR SWIFT

TO

MR POPE,

While he was writing the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to ſpeak,
But not to reach the ear;
His loudeſt voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different ſtudies chuſe;
The Dean ſits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muſe.

Now backs of letters, though deſign'd
For thoſe who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himſelf can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by ſome other ſtruck,
All turns and motions tries:
Till in a lump together ſtuck,
Behold a *poem* riſe:

Yet to the Dean his ſhare allot;
He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not
Is *cauſa ſine qua non.*

Thus, Pope, in vain you boaſt your wit;
For, had our deaf divine
Been for your converſation fit,
You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd
The ſexton reaſon'd well;
And juſtly half the merit claim'd,
Becauſe he *rang the bell.*

TO
DR DELANY,
On the LIBELS written againſt him.

——*Tanti tibi non ſit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi. JUV.

Written in the year 1729.

AS ſome raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirſt of honour led,
When at a ſkirmiſh firſt he hears
The bullets whiſtling round his ears,
Will duck his head aſide, will ſtart,
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'ſcaping oft without a wound
Leſſens the terror of the ſound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a canon's chops:
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and ſhame:
When firſt in print you ſee him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains,
Is deſtin'd to beat out his brains.

As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord, have mercy on my ſoul!
Concluding, that another ſhot
Will ſtrike him dead upon the ſpot.
But, when with ſqnibbing, flaſhing, popping,
He cannot ſee one creature dropping;
That, miſſing fire, or miſſing aim,
His life is ſafe, I mean his fame;
The danger paſt, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Tho' ſplendor gives the faireſt mark
To poiſon'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourſelf when ſmooth and round*,
They glance aſide without a wound.

'Tis ſaid, the gods try'd all their art,
How *Pain* they might from *Pleaſure* part;
But little could their ſtrength avail;
Both ſtill are faſten'd by the tail.
Thus *Fame* and *Cenſure* with a tether
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?

'Tis eminence makes envy riſe;
As faireſt fruits attract the flies.
Should ſtupid libels grieve your mind,
You ſoon a remedy may find;
Lie down obſcure like other folks
Below the laſh of ſnarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods;

And ſneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning-tea.
You ſay, the muſe will not contain,
And write you muſt, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raiſe your fancy on the wing;
The Iriſh *ſenate*'s praiſes ſing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good purſues,
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to ſhoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to ſeek!
To dreſs a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilſt every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius ceaſe to write,
The rogues muſt die for want and ſpite;
Muſt die for want of food and raiment,
If ſcandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A ſatire, and the gentry buy.
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unſold upon the printer's lines.
A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
Muſt ever keep its owner down;

'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And ſpoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren caſt your eyes;
Point out the ſureſt men to riſe;
That club of candidates in black,
The leaſt deſerving of the pack,
Aſpiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendu'd,
Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
The fitteſt tools to work for Bob:
Will ſooner coin a thouſand lies,
Than ſuffer men of parts to riſe;
They croud about preferment's gate,
And preſs you down with all their weight.
For, as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*.
Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
Diſdains to ſerve ignoble ends.
Obſerve what loads of ſtupid rhymes
Oppreſs us in corrupted times:
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Shew reaſon, grammar, truth, or ſenſe?
For tho' the muſe delights in fiction,
She ne'er inſpires againſt conviction.
Then keep your virtue ſtill unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt:
By party-ſteps no grandeur climb at,
Tho' it would make you England's primate:
Firſt learn the ſcience to be dull,
You then may ſoon your conſcience lull;

If not, however ſeated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of wit's fair goddeſs brought to bed,
There follow'd at his lying in
For after-birth a Sooterkin;
Which, as the nurſe purſu'd to kill,
Attain'd by flight the muſes hill,
There in the ſoil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnaſſus' foot.
From hence the critic vermin ſprung
With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic ſcraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned ſhow,
Provides each animal its foe:
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geeſe, the wolf your flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
To perſecute the muſes faine;
On poets in all times abuſive,
From Homer down to Pope incluſive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmoſt rage defies,
That ſafe behind the wainſcot lies:
Say, did you ever know by ſight
In cheeſe an individual mite?
Shew me the ſame numeric flea,
That bit your neck but yeſterday:
You then may boldly go in queſt
To find the Grub-ſtreet poet's neſt;

What ſpunging-houſe in dread of jail
Receives them, while they wait for bail;
What alley they are neſtled in,
To flouriſh o'er a cup of gin:
Find the laſt garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they ſtarve to day,
Suppoſe you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What puniſhment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kick't?
Theſe they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em ſo much more:
Themſelves would be the firſt to tell,
To make their traſh the better ſell.
You have been libell'd—Let us know,
What fool officious told you ſo?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noiſy ſcoundrel ſays,
It might be ſomething in your praiſe:
And praiſe beſtow'd in Grub-ſtreet rhymes
Would vex one more a thouſand times,
'Till critics blame, and judges praiſe,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me, when dunces are ſatiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and *fools to hate*,
Be that my *motto*, and my *fate*.

ON

DREAMS.

An Imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quae mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THOSE dreams, that on the ſilent night intrude,
And with falſe flitting ſhades our minds delude,
Jove never ſends us downward from the ſkies;
Nor can they from infernal manſions riſe;
But are all mere productions of the brain,
And fools conſult interpreters in vain.
For, when in bed we reſt our weary limbs,
The mind unburthen'd ſports in various whims;
The buſy head with mimic art runs o'er
The ſcenes and actions of the day before.
The drouſy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes ſome patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he ſpilt.
The ſoldier ſmiling hears the widows cries,
And ſtabs the ſon before the mother's eyes.
With like remorſe his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.
The ſtateſman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treaſon got.

Nor loſs Tom-t—d-man, of true ſtateſman mold,
Collects the city-filth in ſearch of gold.
Orphans around his bed the lawyer ſees.
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purſe, watching for a job,
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.
The kind phyſician grants the huſband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The ſleeping hangman ties the fatal nooſe,
Nor unſucceſsful waits for dead mens ſhoes.
The grave divine with knotty points perplext,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text:
While the ſly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.
The hireling ſenator of modern days
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauſeous praiſe:
And Dick the ſcavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—e's face.

TO
STELLA.

Viſiting me in my ſickneſs, October 1727.

PALLAS, obſerving Stella's wit
Was more than for her ſex was fit,
And that her beauty, ſoon or late,
Might breed confuſion in the ſtate,
In high concern for human-kind,
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.
But, (not in wrangling to engage
With ſuch a ſtupid vicious age,)
If honour I would here define,
It anſwers faith in things divine.
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, ſcholars teach, the ſoul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the ſpirit of the ſoul.
Thoſe num'rous virtues which the tribe
Of tedious moraliſts deſcribe,
And by ſuch various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule ſupreme,
Choler preſide, or blood, or phlegm,

It makes no diff'rence in the caſe,
Nor is complexion honour's place.
But, leſt we ſhould for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it ſeated in a ſcar,
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We loſe with ſharpers at picquet;
Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an aſſignation;
Or that on which his Lordſhip ſwears,
When vulgar knaves would loſe their ears;
Let Stella's fair example preach
A leſſon ſhe alone can teach.
In points of honour to be try'd,
All paſſions muſt be laid aſide:
Aſk no advice, but think alone;
Suppoſe the queſtion not your own:
How ſhall I act? is not the caſe;
But how would Brutus in my place?
In ſuch a caſe would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?
Drive all objections from your mind,
Elſe you relapſe to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and luſt,
And factious rage, and breach of truſt,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauſeous fleer,
And guilty ſhame, and ſervile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preſide.
Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd

Among their brethren in the ſkies,
To which (tho' late) ſhall Stella riſe.
Ten thouſand oaths upon record
Are not ſo ſacred as her word:
The world ſhall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour ſeated in her breaſt
She ſtill determines what is beſt:
What indignation in her mind
Againſt inſlavers of mankind!
Baſe kings, and miniſters of ſtate,
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that nature ne'er deſign'd
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her ſex adorn,
Which moſt expoſes ours to ſcorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears;
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to ſcream and ſtart;
Nor calls up all the houſe at night,
And ſwears ſhe ſaw a thing in white.
Doll never flies to cut her lace,
Or throw cold water in her face,
Becauſe ſhe heard a ſudden drum,
Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
Which, tho' her modeſty would ſhroud,
Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud;
While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
And yet thro' every motion ſteals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind,
And, forming you, miſtook your kind?
No; 'twas for you alone he ſtole
The fire that forms a manly ſoul;
Then, to compleat it ev'ry way,
He moulded it with female clay:
To that you owe the nobler flame,
To this the beauty of your frame.
How would Ingratitude delight,
And how would Cenſure glut her ſpight,
If I ſhould Stella's kindneſs hide
In ſilence, or forget with pride?
When on my ſickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
Lamenting in unmanly ſtrains,
Call'd ev'ry pow'r to eaſe my pains;
Then Stella ran to my relief
With chearful face, and inward grief;
And, tho' by heav'n's ſevere decree
She ſuffers hourly more than me,
No cruel maſter could require
From ſlaves employ'd for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendſhip warm'd,
With vigour and delight perform'd:
My ſinking ſpirits now ſupplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes;
Now with a ſoft and ſilent tread
Unheard ſhe moves about my bed.
I ſee her taſte each nauſeous draught,
And ſo obligingly am caught,
I bleſs the hand from whence they came,
Nor dare diſtort my face for ſhame.

Beſt pattern of true friends, beware:
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderneſs ſecures
My life, it muſt endanger yours;
For ſuch a fool was never found,
Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for an houſe decay'd.

VERSES

ON THE

DEATH OF

DR SWIFT.

Occaſioned by reading the following Maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adverſite de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque choſe, qui ne nous deplaiſt pas.

In the adverſity of our beſt friends we always find ſomething that doth not diſpleaſe us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the reſt
Is thought too baſe for human breaſt:

" In all diſtreſſes of our friends
" We firſt conſult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to eaſe us,
" Points out ſome circumſtance to pleaſe us."
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reaſon and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our ſize.
Who would not at a crouded ſhow
Stand high himſelf, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you:
But why ſhould he obſtruct my view?
Then let me have the higher poſt;
Suppoſe it but an inch at moſt.
If in a battle you ſhould find
One, whom you love of all mankind
Had ſome heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wiſh his laurels cropt?
Dear honeſt Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad, the caſe is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to ſee
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they ſhould excel,
Would wiſh his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation miſſes,
She turns to envy, ſtings, and hiſſes:
The ſtrongeſt friendſhip yields to pride,
Unleſs the odds be on our ſide.

Vain human-kind! fantaſtic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and ſtation:
'Tis all on me an uſurpation.
I have no title to aſpire;
Yet, when you ſink, I ſeem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a ſigh I wiſh it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More ſenſe than I can do in ſix,
It gives me ſuch a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own hum'rous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd at firſt, and ſhew'd its uſe.
St John, as well as Pultney, knows
That I had ſome repute for proſe;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a miniſter of ſtate.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aſide;
If with ſuch talents heav'n hath bleſs'd 'em,
Have I not reaſon to deteſt 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune, ſend
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the firſt;
But this with envy makes me burſt.

Thus much may ſerve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Muſt by the courſe of nature die;
When, I foreſee, my ſpecial friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, tho' 'tis hardly underſtood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them ſpeak:
See how the Dean begins to break!
Poor Gentleman, he drops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Beſides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he ſays;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where laſt he din'd;
Plies you with ſtories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy, we can ſit
To hear his out-of-faſhion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he muſt make his ſtories ſhorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There muſt another ſet be found.
For poetry, he's paſt his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy ſunk, his muſe a jade.

I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to ſome men.
And then their tenderneſs appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that I doubt, is no good ſign.
His ſtomach too begins to fail:
Laſt year we thought him ſtrong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing:
I wiſh he may hold out till ſpring.
They hug themſelves, and reaſon thus;
It is not yet ſo bad with us.
In ſuch a caſe they talk in tropes,
And by their fears expreſs their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindneſs they profeſs,
The merit of a lucky gueſs
(When daily how-d'ye's come of courſe,
And ſervants anſwer, "Worſe and worſe!"
Would pleaſe them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd, the Dean is well.
Then he who propheſy'd the beſt,
Approves his foreſight to the reſt:
"You know I always fear'd the worſt,
"And often told you ſo at firſt."
He'd rather chuſe that I ſhould die,
Than his predictions prove a lie.
Not one foretells I ſhall recover;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, ſhould ſome neighbour feel a pain
Juſt in the parts where I complain;
How many a meſſage would he ſend?
What hearty pray'rs that I ſhould mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept;
What gave me eaſe, and how I ſlept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the ſniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
For though you may miſtake a year,
Though your prognoſtics run too faſt,
They muſt be verify'd at laſt.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the Dean? He's juſt alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the paſſing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uſes.
To public uſes! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all——but firſt he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do ſtrangers good,
Forgetting his own fleſh and blood.

Now Grubſtreet wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the town is cloy'd;

Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
To *curſe* the *Dean*, or *bleſs* the *Drapier*.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wiſely on me lay all the blame.
We muſt confeſs his caſe was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd theſe twenty years:
For when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were ſound.
From Dublin ſoon to London ſpread,
'Tis told at court, the Dean is dead.
And Lady Suffolk in the ſpleen
Runs laughing up to tell * * *.
The *** ſo gracious, mild and good,
Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he ſhould.
"He's dead, you ſay; * * * rot;
"I'm glad the medals were forgot.
"I promis'd him, I own; but when?
"I only was the * * * then;
"But now as confort of the * * *
"You know 'tis quite another thing."

Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a ſneer the tidings heavy:
Why, if he dy'd without his ſhoes,
(Cries Bob), I'm ſorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living ſtill,
And in his place my good friend Will!
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!

Now Curl his ſhop from rubbiſh drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!

And then, to make them paſs the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moor, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publiſh my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die;
Which Pope muſt bear, as well as I.

Here ſhift the ſcene, to repreſent
How thoſe I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St John himſelf will ſcarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The reſt will give a ſhrug, and cry,
"I'm ſorry—but we all muſt die!"

Indiff'rence clad in Wiſdom's guiſe
All fortitude of mind ſupplies:
For how can ſtony bowels melt
In thoſe who never pity felt!
When we are laſh'd, they kiſs the rod,
Reſigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with ſuſpenſe and fear;
Who wiſely thought my age a ſcreen,
When death approach'd, to ſtand between:
The ſcreen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without diſſembling.

My female friends, whoſe tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
"The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps)?
"Then, Lord have mercy on his ſoul!
"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole).

" Six deans, they ſay, muſt bear the pall,
" I wiſh I knew what king to call).
" Madam, your huſband will attend
" The fun'ral of ſo good a friend:
" No, Madam, 'tis a ſhocking ſight:
" And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
" My Lady Club will take it ill,
" If he ſhould fail her at quadrille.
" He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart),
" But deareſt friends, they ſay, muſt part.
" His time was come; he ran his race;
" We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends ſhould die!
No loſs more eaſy to ſupply.
One year is paſt; a diff'rent ſcene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miſt,
Than if he never did exiſt.
Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
Departed:—*And his works muſt follow*,
Muſt undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country-ſquire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verſe and proſe.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name;
" He dy'd a year ago." The ſame.
He ſearches all the ſhop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane:
" I ſent them with a load of books,
" Laſt Monday to the paſtry-cook's.
" To fancy they could live a year!
" I find you're but a ſtranger here.

" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is paſt:
" The town has got a better taſte.
" I keep no antiquated ſtuff;
" But ſpick and ſpan I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to ſhew 'em:
" Here's Colly Cibber's birth-day poem.
" This ode you never yet have ſeen
" By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
" Then here's a letter finely penn'd
" Againſt the Craftſman and his friend:
" It clearly ſhows that all reflection
" On miniſters is diſaffection.
" Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
" And Mr Henley's laſt oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet:
" Your Honour pleaſe to have a ſet?
" Here's Woolſton's tracts, the twelfth edition;
" 'Tis read by ev'ry politician:
" The country-members, when in town,
" To all their boroughs ſend them down;
" You never met a thing ſo ſmart;
" The courtiers have them all by heart:
" Thoſe maids of honour who can read,
" Are taught to uſe them for their creed.
" The rev'rend author's good intention
" Hath been rewarded with a penſion:
" He doth an honour to his gown,
" By bravely running *prieſtcraft* down:
" He ſhows, as ſure as God's in Gloue'ſter,
" That ——— was a grand impoſtor;

" That all his miracles were cheats,
" Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
" The church had never ſuch a writer:
" A ſhame he hath not got a mitre.

Suppoſe me dead; and then ſuppoſe
A club aſſembled at the roſe.
Where, from diſcourſe of this and that,
I grow the ſubject of their chat.
And while they toſs my name about,
With favour ſome, and ſome without;
One quite indiff'rent in the cauſe,
My character impartial draws.

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court.
Although ironically grave,
He ſham'd the fool, and laſh'd the knave:
To ſteal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

" Sir, I have heard another ſtory;
" He was a moſt *confounded Tory*.
" And grew, or he is much bely'd,
" Extremely *dull* before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters!*

" He ſhould have left them for his *betters*;
" We had a hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.—
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
" Who in his *ſatires*, running riot,
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;

" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court*, *city*, *camp*,—all one to him.——
" But why would he, except he *flobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert,
" Whoſe *counſels* aid the ſov'reign pow'r
" To ſave the nation ev'ry hour?
" What *ſcenes* of evil he unravels
" In *ſatires*, *libels*, *lying travels!*
" Not ſparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth!*——
Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
Had too much ſatire in his vein,
And ſeem'd determin'd not to ſtarve it,
Becauſe no age could more deſerve it.
Yet malice never was his aim;
He laſh'd the vice, but ſpar'd the name.
No individual could reſent,
Where thouſands equally were meant:
His ſatire points at no defect,
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhorr'd that ſenſeleſs tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe:
He ſpar'd a hump, or crooked noſe,
Whoſe owners ſet not up for beaux.
True genuine dulneſs mov'd his pity,
Unleſs it offer'd to be witty:
Thoſe who their ignorance confeſt,
He ne'er offended with a jeſt;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verſe from Horace learn'd by rote.
Vice, if it e'er can be abaſh'd,
Muſt be or *ridicul'd*, or *laſh'd*.

If you *reſent* it, whoſe to blame?
He neither knew *you*, nor your *name:*
Should *vice* expect to 'ſcape rebuke,
Becauſe its *owner* is a *duke?*
His friendſhips, ſtill to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would paſs for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or pow'r,
And peerage is a wither'd flow'r;
He would have deem'd it a diſgrace,
If ſuch a wretch had known his face.
On rural ſquires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain:
—Squires to market brought;
Who ſell their ſouls and — for nought;
The ——— go joyful back,
To ——— the church, their tenants rack,
Go ſnacks with ——— ———
And keep the peace, to pick up fees:
In ev'ry job to have a ſhare,
A jail or t—np—e to repair;
And turn the ——— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
He never thought an honour done him,
Becauſe a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather ſlip aſide, and chuſe
To talk with wits in dirty ſhoes;
And ſcorn the tools with ſtars and garters,
So often ſeen careſſing Chartres,
He never courted men in ſtation,
Nor perſons held in admiration;

Of no man's greatneſs was afraid,
Becauſe he ſought for no man's aid.
Though truſted long in great affairs,
He gave himſelf no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only choſe the wiſe and good;
No flatt'rers, no allies in blood;
But ſuccour'd virtue in diſtreſs,
And ſeldom fail'd of good ſucceſs;
As numbers in their hearts muſt own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.
He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never ſtood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's leſſon juſt;
In princes never put his truſt:
And, would you make him truly ſour,
Provoke him with a ſlave in power.
The I—ſh ſ—te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he ſtood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly ſtood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdoms, juſt as faction led,
Had ſet a price upon his head;
But not a traitor could be found,
To ſell him for ſix hundred pound.
Had he but ſpar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have roſe like other men:
But pow'r was never in his thought,
And wealth he valu'd not a groat:

Ingratitude he often found,
And pity'd thoſe who meant the wound:
But kept the tenor of his mind,
To merit well of human kind:
Nor made a ſacrifice of thoſe
Who ſtill were true, to pleaſe his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitleſs hour,
To reconcile his friends in power;
Saw miſchief by a faction brewing,
While they purſu'd each other's ruin.
But, finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere deſpair.
And, oh! how ſhort are human ſchemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St John's ſkill in ſtate-affairs,
What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,
To ſave their ſinking country lent,
Was all deſtroy'd by one event.
Too ſoon that precious life was ended,
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction ſtarts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By *ſolemn league and cov'nant bound*,
To ruin, ſlaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel:
Pervert the laws, diſgrace the gown,
Corrupt the ſ—te, rob the c———:
To ſacrifice Old E———d's glory,
And make her infamous in ſtory.
When ſuch a tempeſt ſhook the land,
How could unguarded virtue ſtand?

With horror, grief, deſpair, the Dean
Beheld the dire deſtructive ſcene:
His friends in exile, or the tow'r,
Himſelf within the frown of pow'r;
Purſu'd by baſe invenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S——— and fens;
A ſervile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle moſt, when treated worſt.
By innocence and reſolution,
He bore continual perſecution;
While numbers to preferment roſe,
Whoſe merit was to be his foes.
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Againſt him lifting up their heels.
The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
An infamous deſtructive cheat:
Taught fools their int'reſt how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To ſave that hapleſs land from ruin;
While they who at the ſteerage ſtood,
And reap'd the profit, ſought his blood.
To ſave them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of ſtate.
A wicked monſter on the bench,
Whoſe fury blood could never quench;
As vile and profligate a villain,
As modern Scroggs, or old Treſſilian;
Who long all juſtice had diſcarded,
Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded;

Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent:
But heav'n his innocence defends;
The grateful people ſtand his friends;
Not ſtrains of law, nor judges frown,
Nor topics brought to pleaſe the c———,
Nor witneſs hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
In exile, with a ſteady heart,
He ſpent his life's declining part;
Where folly, pride, and action ſway;
Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay.
" Alas, poor *Dean!* his only ſcope
" Was to be held a *miſanthrope.*
" This into general *odium* drew him,
" Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
" His *zeal* was not to laſh our *crimes,*
" But *diſcontent* againſt the times:
" For, had we made him *timely* offers
" To *raiſe* his *poſt,* or *fill* his *coffers,*
" Perhaps he might have truckled down,
" Like other *brethren* of his *gown.*
" For *party* he would ſcarce have bled:—
" I ſay no more—becauſe he's *dead.*—
" What *writings* has he left behind?
" I hear they're of a diff'rent kind:
" A few in *verſe;* but moſt in proſe—
" Some *high-flown pamphlets,* I ſuppoſe:—
" All ſcribbled in the *worſt* of *times,*
" To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes,
" To praiſe Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
" As never fav'ring the *pretender;*—

" Or *libels* yet conceal'd from ſight,
" Againſt the *court* to ſhew his *ſpight*:
" Perhaps his *travels, part the third*;
" A *lie* at ev'ry *ſecond word*—
" Offenſive to a *loyal* ear:—
" But—*not one ſermon*, you may *ſwear*.—
He knew an hundred pleaſing ſtories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories:
Was chearful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his works in verſe or proſe,
I own myſelf no judge of thoſe.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view deſign'd,
To *pleaſe* and to *reform* mankind:
And, if he often miſs'd his aim,
The *world* muſt own it, to their *ſhame*,
The *praiſe* is *his*, and theirs the *blame*.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a houſe for fools and mad;
To ſhew, by one ſatiric touch,
No nation wanted it ſo much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wiſh it ſoon may have a better.
And, ſince you dread no farther *laſhes*,
Methinks you may *forgive his aſhes*.

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROW,

Who commanded the Britiſh forces in Spain.

Written in the year 1706.

MOrdanto fills the trump of fame,
The Chriſtian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crouded with his name.

In journies he outrides the poſt,
Sits up till midnight with his hoſt,
Talks politics, and gives the toaſt.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a ſquib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A meſſenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to ſeek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the poſtboy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers ſtrown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone;

His body active as his mind,
Returning ſound in limb and wind,
Except ſome leather loſt behind.

A ſkeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpſe, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the leaſt ſuſpicion,
He's with you like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a ſtar;
In ſenates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander, and a tar;

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his name-ſake Charles of Sweden.

THE

FABLE OF MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

MIDAS, we are in ſtory told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to *gold*:
He *chip'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
Glitter'd like ſpangles on the ground:
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would ſtrait become a *golden* pippin:
He call'd for drink; you ſaw him ſup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He ſuck'd his victuals thro' a quill;
Untouch'd it paſs'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
He cock'd his hat, you would have ſaid
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, inſtead
Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
Hence by wiſe farmers we are told,
Old *hay* is *equal to old* gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

This *fool* had got a *lucky bit*;
And people fancy'd he had *wit*.
Two gods their ſkill in muſic try'd,
And both choſe Midas to decide;
He againſt Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of wit, to ſhew his grudge,
Clapt *aſſes'* ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair erect and wide,
Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.
And now the virtue of his *hands*
Was loſt among Pactolus' ſands,
Againſt whoſe torrent while he ſwims,
The *golden* ſcurf peels off his limbs:
Fame ſpreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather *golden* gravel;
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had loſt his *art*, and kept his *ears*.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain *leader*;
To whom from Midas down deſcends
That virtue in the fingers ends.
What elſe but *perquiſites* are meant,
By *penſions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
By *places* and *commiſſions* ſold,
And turning *dung* itſelf to *gold*?
By ſtarving in the midſt of ſtore,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas chuſe,
Subject or patron of his muſe,
But found him thus their merit ſcan,
That Phœbus muſt give place to Pan:

He values not the poet's praiſe,
Nor will exchange his *plumbs* for *bays*:
To Pan alone rich miſers call;
And there's the jeſt, for Pan is ALL.
Here Engliſh wits will be to ſeek,
Howe'er, *'tis all one in the Greek.*
Beſides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath *aſſes'* ears;
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whiſpers in a thouſand lies;
Such groſs deluſions could not paſs
Thro' any ears but of an *aſs.*
But *gold* defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand ſo much:
And ſcholars give it for the cauſe
Of Britiſh Midas' dirty paws;
Which while the *ſenate* ſtrove to ſcour,
They waſh'd away the *chymic* power.
While he his utmoſt ſtrength apply'd,
To ſwim againſt this *pop'lar tide*,
The *golden* ſpoils flew off apace;
Here fell a *penſion*, there a *place*:
The *torrent* mercileſs imbibes
Commiſſions, perquiſites, and bribes;
By their own weight ſunk to the bottom;
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.
And Midas now neglected ſtands
With *aſſes' ears*, and *dirty hands.*

THE

AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

Written in the year 1713.

A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent us by a friend of the author's.

* * * * * * *

BY an old———————purſu'd
A crazy prelate, and a royal prude;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to riſe;
And pauſing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So clowns on ſcholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book.
Swift had the ſin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he ſometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much grace;
Nor ſhew'd the *parſon* in his gait or face;
Deſpis'd luxurious wines, and coſtly meat;
Yet ſtill was at the tables of the great;

Frequented Lords; *ſaw thoſe that ſaw the Queen*;
At Child's or Truby's never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver ſort,
Tobacco, cenſure, coffee, pride, and port.
But, after ſage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to ſubmit,
He turns to politics his dang'rous wit.
And now the public int'reſt to ſupport,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
In favour grows with miniſters of ſtate;
Admitted private, when ſuperiors wait:
And Harley, not aſham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windſor in his coach alone.
At Windſor Swift no ſooner can appear,
But St John comes and whiſpers in his ear:
The waiters ſtand in ranks; the yeomen cry,
Make room, as if a Duke were paſſing by.
Now Finch alarms the Lords: He hears for certain
This dang'rous prieſt is got behind the curtain.
Finch fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a ſpring which Harley moves.
Walpole, and Aiſſabie, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons, that the ſecret's out:
" A certain doctor is obſerv'd of late
" To haunt a certain miniſter of ſtate;
" From hence with half an eye we may diſcover
" The peace is made, and Perkin muſt come over."
York is from Lambeth ſent to ſhew the Queen
A dangerous treatiſe writ againſt the ſpleen;

Which, by the ſtyle, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmleſs tool of others hate;
He ſues for pardon, and repents too late.
Now, —— her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills;
And thence into the royal ear inſtills.
The Queen incens'd, his ſervices forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now thro' the realm a proclamation ſpread,
To fix a price on his devoted head.
While innocent, he ſcorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preſerve him by a ſleight;
By Harley's favour once again he ſhines;
Is now careſs'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing ſcene:
Lord! how were they miſtaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thruſts half his powder'd noſe.
The Scottiſh nation, whom he durſt offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend.
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
His great contending friends to reconcile,
Performs what friendſhip, juſtice, truth, require:
What could he more but decently retire?

IN

SICKNESS.

Written ſoon after the author's coming to live in Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October 1714.

'TIS true,—then why ſhould I repine
To ſee my life ſo faſt decline?
But why obſcurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My ſtate of health none care to learn;
My life is here no ſoul's concern:
And thoſe with whom I now converſe,
Without a tear will tend my herſe.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art, but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit, or his fee.
Some formal viſits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet perhaps from three or four,
From whom I once expected more;
Which thoſe who tend the ſick for pay,
Can act as decently as they:
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.

My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal weepers for the ſick,
In your laſt offices be quick:
And ſpare my abſent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will ſave a double ſorrow.

AN

ELEGY

ON THE

Much lamented DEATH of MR DEMAR,

Who died the ſixth of July 1720.

Written in the year 1720.

KNOW all men by theſe preſents, Death the tamer
By *mortgage* hath ſecur'd the *corpſe* of Demar:
Nor can *four hundred thouſand Sterling pound*
Redeem him from his *priſon* under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth poſſeſs'd,
Beſtow to bury him one iron cheſt.
Plutus, the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful ſteward in the ſhades below.
He walk'd the ſtreets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
He din'd and ſupp'd at charge of other folk:
And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;

So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himſelf.
Where'er he went, he never ſaw his *betters*;
Lords, *knights*, and *'ſquires*, were all his humble debtors;
And under *hand* and *ſeal* the Iriſh nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.
He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not ſave,
Nor all his *int'reſt* keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Becauſe we wiſh the earth upon him light.
Oh London Tavern! thou haſt loſt a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing ſpend:
He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot*,
The hand that ſign'd the mortgage paid the ſhot.
Old as he was, no vulgar known diſeaſe
On him could ever boaſt a power to ſeize;
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in ſpight
Caſt in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he ſaw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his laſt breath to ſink the lighter ſcale.
He who ſo long was *current*, 'twould be ſtrange
If he ſhould now be *cry'd down* ſince his *change*.
The *ſexton* ſhall green ſods on thee beſtow:
Alas, the *ſexton* is thy *banker* now.
A diſmal *banker* muſt that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality*.

THE

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

IRISH FEAST.

Tranſlated almoſt literally out of the Original Iriſh.

Tranſlated in the year 1720.

O Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By thoſe who were there,
Or thoſe who were not.
His revels to keep,
We ſup and we dine
On ſeven ſcore ſheep,
Fat bullocks and ſwine.
Uſquebaugh to our feaſt
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at leaſt,
And a madder our cup.

O there is the ſport!
We riſe with the light
In diſorderly ſort
From ſnoring all night.
O how was I trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I loſt my new cloak.
I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
Of mantle and kercher:
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the ſearcher.
Come, harper, ſtrike up;
But, firſt, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has ſome ſavour.
O Rourk's joly boys!
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,
Till rous'd by the noiſe
And muſical clatter,
They bounce from their neſt,
No longer will tarry,
They riſe ready dreſt,
Without an Ave Mary.
They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping;
A mercy the ground
Did not burſt with their ſtamping.
The floor is all wet,
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and ſweat
Spliſh ſplaſh in their pumps.

Bleſs you late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin,
By my hand, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin.
Bring ſtraw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet,
Then over us ſpread
The winnowing ſheet:
To ſhow I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again;
Then give us a pinch
Of your ſneezing, *a yean.*
Good Lord, what a ſight,
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midſt of their beer?
They riſe from their feaſt,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at leaſt
The length of their ſkeans.
What ſtabs and what cuts,
What clatt'ring of ſticks;
What ſtrokes on the guts,
What baſtings and kicks!
With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred ſtruck lame.
You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Luſk,
The caſtle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumruſk:

The Earl of Kildare
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.
Aſk that of old *Madam*,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are ſcarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—ſe.

STELLA AT WOODPARK.

A houſe of CHARLES FORD, Eſq; eight miles from Dublin.

——Cuicunque nocere volebat
Veſtimenta dabat pretioſa.

Written in the year 1723.

DON CARLOS in a merry ſpite
Did Stella to his houſe invite:
He entertain'd her half a year
With gen'rous wines and coſtly cheer.
Don Carlos made her chief director,
That ſhe might o'er the ſervants hector.
In half a week the dame grew nice,
Got all things at the higheſt price;
Now at the table-head ſhe ſits,
Preſented with the niceſt bits;
She look'd on partridges with ſcorn,
Except they taſted of the corn:
A haunch of ven'ſon made her ſweat,
Unleſs it had the right *fumette*.
Don Carlos earneſtly would beg,
Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg;
Was happy, when he could prevail
To make her only touch a quail.

Thro' candle-light ſhe view'd the wine,
To ſee that every glaſs was fine.
At laſt grown prouder than the devil
With feeding high and treatment civil,
Don Carlos now began to find
His malice work as he deſign'd.
The winter-ſky began to frown,
Poor Stella muſt pack off to town;
From purling ſtreams and fountains bubbling,
To Liffy's ſtinking tide at Dublin:
From wholeſome exerciſe and air,
To ſoffing in an eaſy chair:
From ſtomach ſharp, and hearty feeding,
To piddle like a lady breeding:
From ruling there the houſehold ſingly,
To be directed here by Dingly:
From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
To half a joint and *God be thanked*:
From every meal, Pontack in plenty,
To half a pint one day in twenty;
From Ford attending at her call,
To viſits of———————
From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
To the poor doings of the Dean:
From growing richer with good cheer,
To running out by ſtarving here.
But now arrives the diſmal day;
She muſt return to Ormond Quay.
The coachman ſtopt; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
The raſcal had miſtook the door:
At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop;
The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop;

Each moment riſing in her airs,
She curs'd the narrow winding ſtairs:
Began a thouſand faults to ſpy;
The ceiling hardly ſix feet high;
The ſmutty wainſcot full of cracks:
And half the chairs with broken backs:
Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
She vows ſhe will no longer ſtay
In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
While there are lodgings to be let.
Howe'er, to keep her ſpirits up,
She ſent for company to ſup:
When all the while you might remark,
She ſtrove in vain to ape Wood-park.
Two bottles call'd for (half her ſtore,
The cupboard could contain but four:)
A ſupper worthy of herſelf,
Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.
Thus for a week the farce went on;
When all her country-ſavings gone,
She fell into her former ſcene,
Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.
Thus far in jeſt: Tho' now I fear,
You think my jeſting too ſevere;
But poets, when a hint is new,
Regard not whether falſe or true:
Yet raillery gives no offence,
Where truth has not the leaſt pretence;
Nor can be more ſecurely plac'd,
Than on a nymph of Stella's taſte.
I muſt confeſs, your wine and vittle
I was too hard upon a little:

Your table neat, your linen fine;
And, tho' in miniature, you ſhine;
Yet when you ſigh to leave Wood-park,
The ſcene, the welcome, and the ſpark,
To languiſh in this odious town,
And pull your haughty ſtomach down;
We think you quite miſtake the caſe,
The virtue lies not in the place:
For tho' my raillery were true,
A cottage is Wood-park with you.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY ON THE WORSHIPFUL JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *ſunk* our Juſtice *Boat.*
Why ſhould he *ſink*, where nothing ſeem'd to preſs?
His *lading* little, and his *ballaſt* leſs.
Toſt in the *waves* of this *tempeſtuous* world,
At length, his *anchor* fix'd, and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end he *founders* in the *port.*
With *water* fill'd he could no longer *float,*
The common death of many a ſtronger *boat.*
A poſt ſo fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches.*
And yet our *Boat*, how ſhall I reconcile it?
Was both a *boat*, and in one ſenſe a *pilot.*
With ev'ry *wind* he *ſail'd*, and well could *tack;*
Had many *pendants*, but abhorr'd a *Jack.*
He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope.*

Behold the awful *bench* on which he ſat:
He was as *hard* and pond'rous *wood* as that:
Yet, when his *ſand* was out, we find at laſt,
That death has *overſet* him with a *blaſt*.
Our *Boat* is now *ſail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to ſupply old Charon's leaky wherry:
Charon in him will ferry ſouls to hell;
A trade our *Boat* hath practis'd here ſo well:
And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
Both *pitch* and *brimſtone* to fill up his *flaws*.
Yet, ſpite of death and fate, I here maintain
We may place *Boat* in his old *poſt* again.
The way is thus, and well deſerves your thanks:
Take the three ſtrongeſt of his broken planks;
Fix them on high conſpicuous to be ſeen,
Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's green;
And when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the *pendant*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin;
Pray gentle folks forbear your ſcoffing.
A *Boat* a judge! yes, where's the blunder?
A *wooden* judge is no ſuch wonder.
And in his robes you muſt agree,
No *Boat* was better *deck'd* than he,
'Tis needleſs to deſcribe him fuller,
In ſhort, he was an able ſculler.

A RECEIPT

TO RESTORE

STELLA's YOUTH.

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottiſh hinds, too poor to houſe
In froſty nights their ſtarving cows,
While not a blade of graſs or hay
Appears from Michaelmas to May,
Muſt let their cattle range in vain
For food along the barren plain.
Meagre and lank with faſting grown,
And nothing left but ſkin and bone;
Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
They juſt keep life and ſoul together,
Till ſummer-ſhow'rs and evening's dew
Again the verdant glebe renew;
And as the vegetables riſe,
The famiſh'd cow her want ſupplies:
Without an ounce of laſt year's fleſh;
Whate'er ſhe gains is young and freſh;
Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
As riſing from Medea's kettle,
With youth and beauty to inchant
Europa's counterfeit gallant.

Why, Stella, ſhould you knit your brow,
If I compare you to the cow?
'Tis juſt the caſe; for you have faſted
So long, till all your fleſh is waſted,
And muſt againſt the warmer days
Be ſent to Quilca down to graze;
Where mirth, and exerciſe, and air,
Will ſoon your appetite repair:
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your ſkin;
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with ſprightly blood:
Nor fleſh nor blood will be the ſame,
Nor aught of Stella but the name;
For what was ever underſtood
By human kind, but fleſh and blood?
And if your fleſh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you*;
But for a blooming nymph will paſs,
Juſt fifteen, coming ſummer's graſs,
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd:
While all the 'ſquires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and ſilver ſpurs,
No leſs than juſtices o' *quorum*,
Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiſs your ſteps at Quilca gates.
But, leſt you ſhould my ſkill diſgrace,
Come back before you're out of caſe:
For if to Michaelmas you ſtay,
The new-born fleſh will melt away;

The 'ſquires in ſcorn will fly the houſe
For better game, and look for grouſe;
But here, before the froſt can mar it,
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED's Motto on his Coach.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

LIBERTAS et natale ſolum:
Fine words! I wonder where you ſtole 'em.
Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
Serve for a motto on thy coach?
But let me now the words tranſlate:
Natale ſolum, my eſtate;
My dear eſtate, how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it!
They ſwear I am ſo kind and good,
I hug them, till I ſqueeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
Firſt, how to ſwagger in a court;
And, ſecondly, to ſhew my fury
Againſt an uncomplying jury;
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood, and keep my penſion;
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great ſeal, and turn out Brod'rick;

And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean,)
To humble that vexatious Dean;
And, ſixthly, for my ſoul to barter it,
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret.
Now, ſince your motto thus you conſtrue,
I muſt confeſs you've ſpoken once true.
Libertas et natale ſolum:
You had good reaſon, when you ſtole 'em.

9 MR 53

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.